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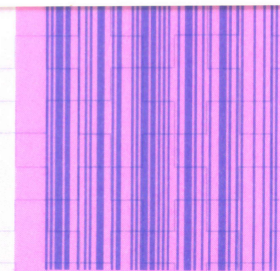
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Special Bonus

Imaginary Street Fighter

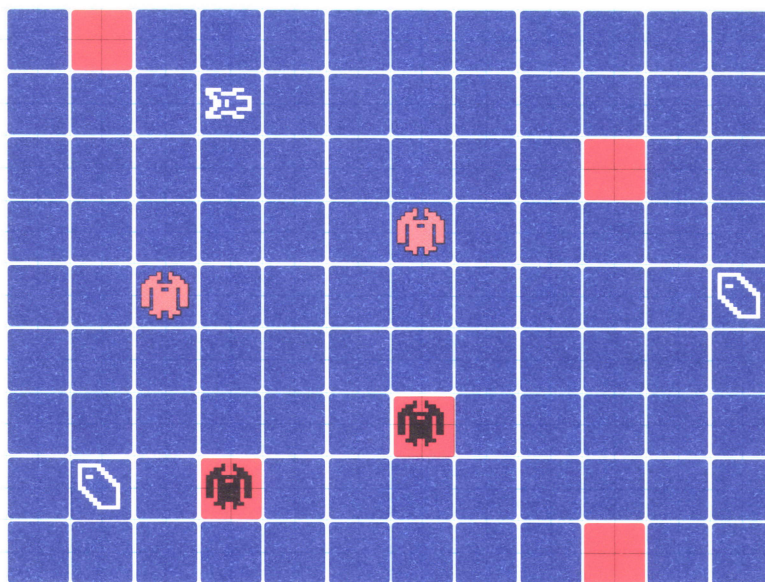
Characters We wish these were coming to an arcade near you! 1-Up has asked our favorite artists to design a street fightin' character. We've assembled the fanciful fighters into a limited number of 1-Up trading cards. Collect them all!



\$12.00 US

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Hello Vidkids!

Welcome to 1-Up MegaZine, Issue #3. For those new to 1-Up, our publication represents the ghost of video game future; a world where secret golden coins and power-ups emerge out of the ruins (broken blocks), and everyone can live as many lives as they earn. 1-Up is the place you go when you set the controller down--if only for a moment--to investigate the meaning of games and your fantastical avatar journeys.

We've gone through a lot of new developments at 1-Up HQ lately; for one, there's the change in format. As our publication grows and takes shape, so must our production methods. With the last two issues produced the old-fashioned Xeroxed, stapled, and silkscreened way, it was becoming impossible for us to keep up with demand. This was both a blessing and a curse. From all my time spent at Kinko's, I became so skilled at fixing copy machines that customers would ask me for help. Though punk rock zining is the only way that any decent magazine should start, we felt it was time to put the long nights at Kinko's to an end (Though copy machine repair can always be a backup if this whole video game zine and grad school thing doesn't pan out).

By expanding to the journal format, we are able pack in even more bloodshot-eyed stories from the video game front. The professional binding should also reduce 1-Up volunteer staff papercuts and incidents of the dreaded "stapler burn." In this issue, we've included the superlative *Street Fighter 2* section, *Animal Crossing* commentary, instructions on how to build the Graph Paper Arcade Cabinet and more. We've also brought in a crew of very talented artists, including Jordan Crane, Sammy Harkham, Megan Whitmarsh, and kozyndan to help beautify our pages. However, with all the upgrades, we still strive to maintain a personalized vision of videogametopia alongside lovingly handmade elements. Keep it lo-fi and crafty, kids!

Please enjoy this issue of 1-Up MegaZine, and let us know what you think. This issue could never have been possible without the hard work of our contributors and the support of our readers. Thank you!

xoxo,
Raina

Table of Contents

- 8 Bits** pixilated flotsam and jetsam
- 10 News** from the video game front
- 12 c-trl** knows how to rock a Mac LAN party
- 14 The Classic Gaming Expo** an intimate gathering of geeks
- 16 The E3 2003 Superlist** ranging from awesome to awful
- 20 River Raid Institute** higher learning for hi-score addicts
by Todd Urick, illustrated by John Pham
- 24 Bis Interview** popstars chat about the vids
by Justin Fogle, illustrated by Saelee Oh
- 28 Jill Played Atari** recollections of a cool girl and her console
by Gus Mastrapa, illustrated by Souther Salazar
- 32 World 1-1** *illustration by Laura Martin, circa 1984*
- 34 Billy "Perfect Pac-Man" Mitchell** interview with a world record rockstar
Illustrated by Jordan Crane
- 40 Skee-Ball** gamboys are cuter
by Dave Kiersh
- 42 The First Time I Played Asteroids** was full of wonder and peril
A comic by Martin Cendreda
- 46 Atari Video Music** be the life of your party
by Greg Fiering and Matthew Salata

48 Street Fighter II

Super Section

a collection of fightin' ephemera featuring:
Quarter Circle Punch, Tales of a Street Fighter 2 Girl Nerd,
Blister, Bonus Rounds, review of Bang the Machine and
more

70 Game Wanderlust:

interview with DB Weiss

the great American video game novelist
by Chris Baker, illustrated by Martin Cendreda

74 This Animal Life:

Animal Crossing

and lifestyle gaming, a perennial pastime
by Gus Mastrapa

78 Army of None:

America's Army

through the eyes of a non-militarist
by Mike Benson, illustrated by kozyndan

82 The Graph Paper

Arcade

make your own stand up cabinet
by Eben Miller

84 Ethnic Cleansing Is

Not a Game

neo-Nazi virtual hate crime in an FPS

96 Arcade Profile: The

Reagan Years

the '80's themed arcade is even better with time

88 Reviews

music, zines, and comics
by Julie Kim, Kim Haden, and Raina Lee

90 Letters

snail and electronic

92 Power Ups

read and wear 1-UP

96 Contributor Data

who we are

97 BASIC Training

programming is easy and fun
by Ed Hanson, Mark Dischler and John Pham

98 Untitled

by Greg Fiering

*Unless otherwise noted, all photos and uncredited writing by Raina Lee
Sidebar quotes: Street Fighter 2 Haikus by John Pham, Video Game
Haikus by Chris Cummins, Video Game Teachings by Kenny Wright.*

1-UP megazine

End Level Boss

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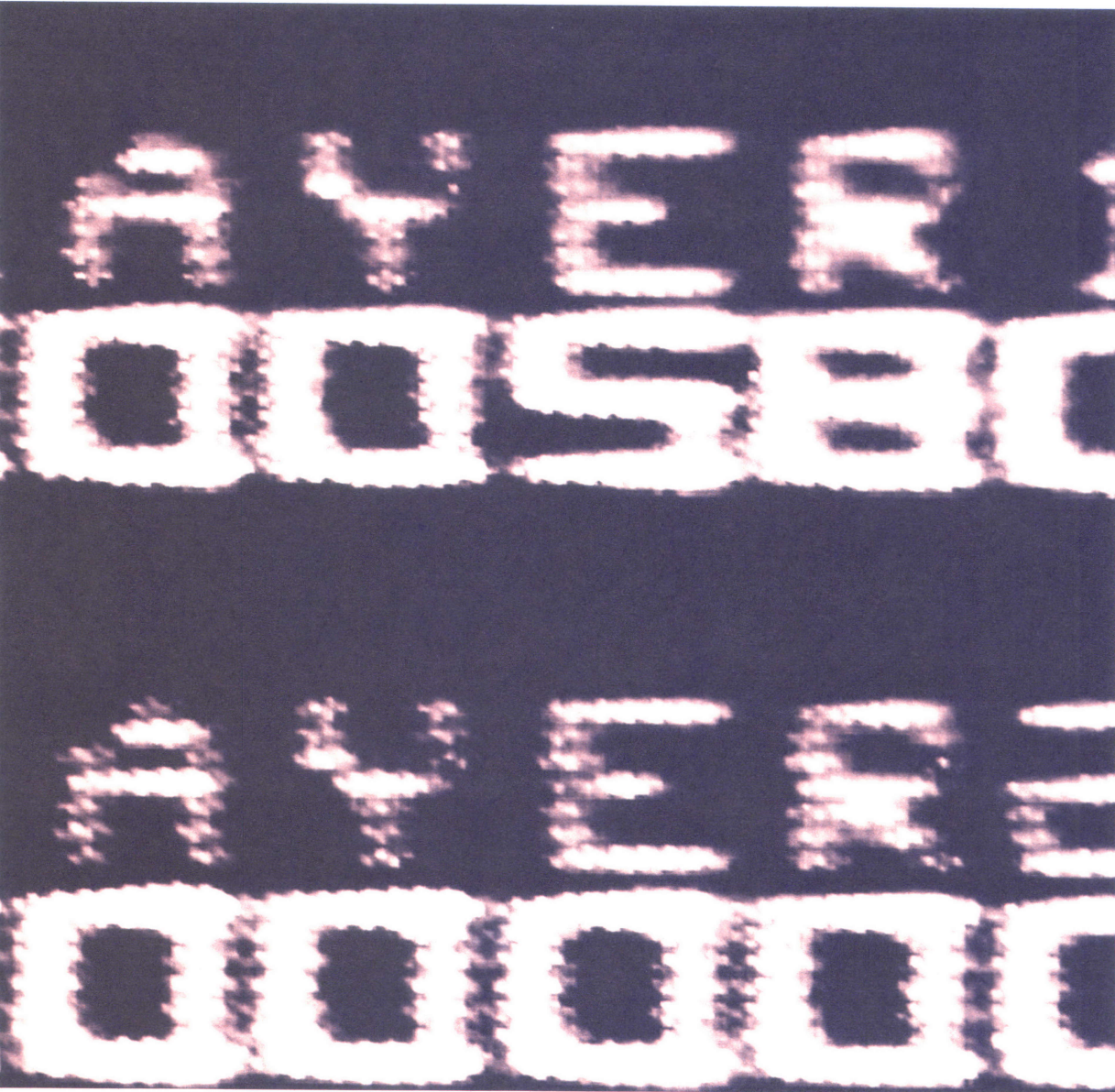
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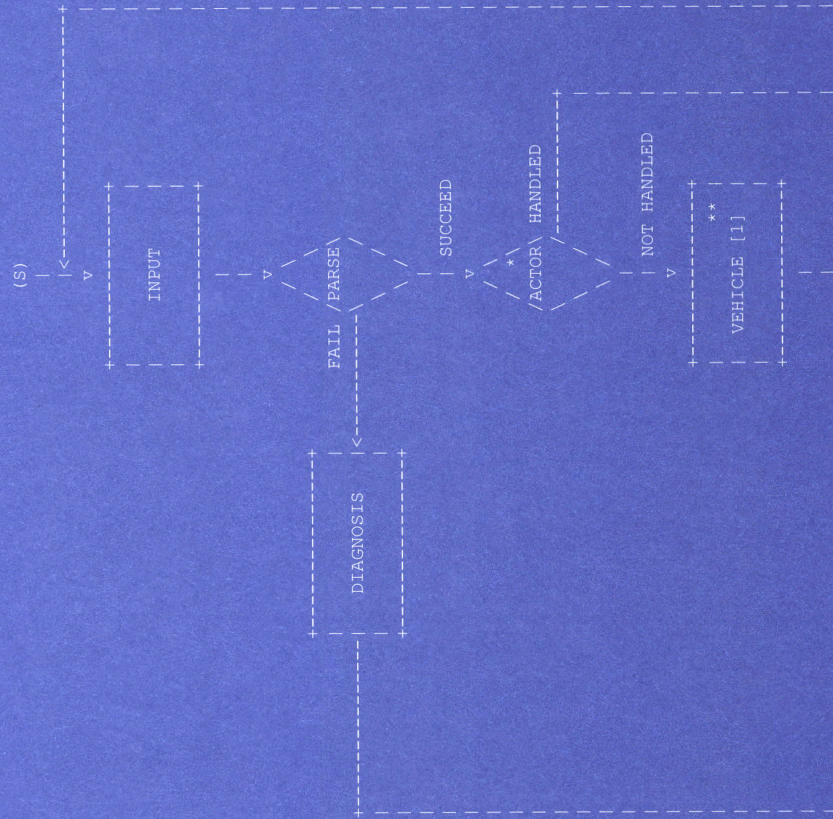


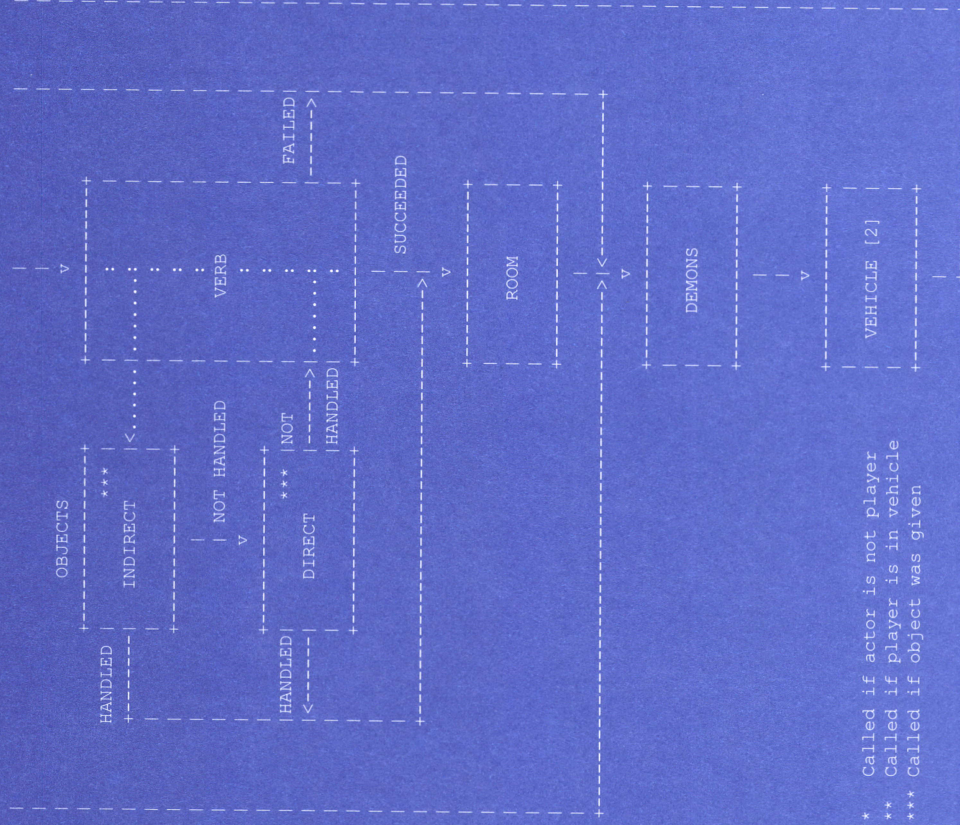
"We'll always be together, together in electric dreams."
-Giorgio Moroder and Philip Oakley

For the new players, the room of reality and fantasy begins, the most. But serious dance players see their lives slipping between the two worlds. "The game doesn't affect reality," says a red-eyed addict after spending two nights playing virtually nonstop. "Reality affects the game." - *discussor of the Space Shirts*



Figure 1. Zork Flowchart



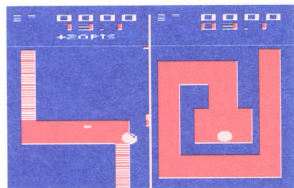


* Called if actor is not player
 ** Called if player is in vehicle
 *** Called if object was given

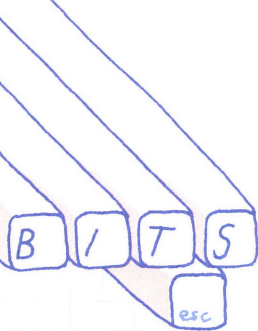


Marble Craze

A homebrew creation that comes out of Paul Slocum's Texas basement, this *Marble Madness* for the Atari has bumping ghetto-tech sounds and mesmerizing spiral graphics that will hypnotize you for most of the game. The only Atari game that utilizes a dual-paddle control scheme (paddle 1 controls up-down, paddle 2 controls left-right) per player, *Marble Craze* is a series of mazes, ramps, and tunnels (think *Marble Madness* meets *Adventure*) that must be completed in a timely fashion. I recommend velcro-ing both paddles to a stiff board. You will kick ass if you are ambidextrous!



Loose Pixels, Etc.



Stuff We Love

1. **GBA SP:** So sexy!
2. **Halo LAN parties:** I used to give my teenage cousins shit for attending LAN parties, but now I can't wait to go to another one. Two floors, four rooms, 16 players, and brilliant handles like "Your Mom" and "Saddam."
3. **1-Up release party:** Our first ever bash will be at Meltdown Comics Hollywood!
4. **Kylie Minogue:** We love Kylie! La la la la la la la...
5. **Animal Crossing:** Conspicuous consumption has never been this cute. My character Strimma (named after an Ikea lamp) was morbidly anti-social. Is that why the neighbors moved?
6. **The Yeah Yeah Yeahs at the Palace:** Appearing in lime top with a giant "Y" and matching lime "flame" wrist bands, Karen O looked like a demented superhero. Rock is fun again!
7. **Shrinky Dinks:** Miniature oven-bake fun.
8. **G4, Video Game TV:** We were on it, but nobody gets it. There's something perverse about watching back-to-back FMVs without um, playing anything.
9. **The Postal Service:** Awesome band and awesomer cover art by kozyndan. Look for my likeness and my room on the "The District Sleeps Tonight" remixes.
10. **Our friends:** Thanks for putting up with our exorbitant demands!

My Red Joystick

Not unlike the one Lou Reed sings about, this red joystick is immortalized in a tiny frame Made by 1-Up contributor Souther Salazar, the pendant ideal is ideal for Pong slumber parties and midnight bicycle rides alike.





Type Or Die!

I have a special place in my heart for *Typing of the Dead*, the odd remake of the zombie-shooting, light gun game *House of the Dead*. *TOD* is geekier; instead of a gun you are equipped with an all-powerful keyboard on which you type the hell out of the undead. A game for the word processing and AIM generation perhaps.

In the pre-game FMV, your pseudo FBI agent character wears a keyboard at chest level and a Dreamcast with a giant battery as a backpack. Donning this outfit has been a long-time fantasy, so I sewed I sewed my own. I sewed a Dreamcast out of felt, and filled in the sticker details with iron-on transfer paper. I then duct taped straps to the sides of an old Compact Mac keyboard. Unfortunately, I couldn't find any people with strange words over their heads to cap with my lightning-fast keyboard skillz.



Ms. Pac Man Forever

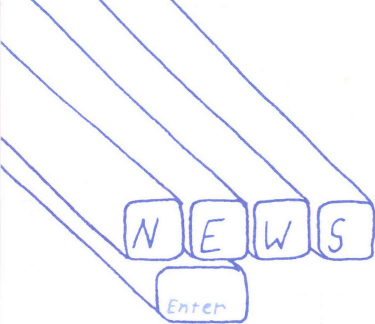
Jean Chen of San Francisco is the most hardcore *Ms. Pac-Man* player around! She bares her lower calf to reveal *Ms. Pac-Man* at work, chasing Inky and Pinky. Or are they chasing her?



Top 10 Games

1. Dr. Mario
2. Halo
3. Animal Crossing
4. Legend of Zelda: Wind Waker
5. Marvel vs. Capcom 2
6. Rez
7. Mario Kart Advance
8. Street Fighter 2
9. M.U.L.E.
10. Anything I have to program in Basic





All That Is Going on in the Video Game World That Matters. At Least to Us, Anyway.

Man Dies After Marathon Gaming

October 11, 2002

Kwanju, South Korea-- There is such a thing as too much gaming. A South Korean man died after playing computer games for four days in a cybercafé. Sleep and food deprived, he collapsed at the front counter, but quickly regained consciousness, café employees say. He was later found dead in the café's toilet.

Be Careful Who You Frag

Northridge, CA. December 31, 2002

Northridge, California-- A 100-person melee broke out during a *Counter Strike* tournament held by the NetStreet Café in Northridge, California. The tournament, which offered a \$500 cash prize, erupted into vicious hand-to-hand combat involving chairs. While 15 were injured, none were killed; only four months prior a 19-year-old father of three had been shot and killed near the café. In the past two years a slew of PC room violence has been reported in Southern California. Victims have been stabbed with a screwdriver (Garden Grove) and have endured drive-by shootings (Northridge).

Global Thermonuclear War 2.0?

March 23, 2003

Strangely, while the recent Iraq war comes to a tentative conclusion, militaristic games are hotter than ever. One industry-tracking firm reports that three of the top 20 best-selling console games were military-themed. Many games yet to be released incorporate historical themes, such as World War I, the Vietnam War, or U.S. incursion in Somalia. "Over time, [as] the consumers and the comfort level returned somewhat close to normal, now you're seeing those games come back into light," said an industry analyst. "Now they're sort of being released with somewhat of a fervor."

More War Games

April 3, 2003

Recruits are playing more video games, as the U.S. Military increases its use of simulations (such as the game *Full Spectrum Warrior*) to train recruits. With the possibility of networked computers and an increasingly remote-controlled military, the troops may also be moving towards an *Ender's Game* model of remote battle simulation. "Anything but war is simulation," says Ralph Chatham, co-author of a recent Defense Science Board report on training. "Virtual games won't teach you how to walk through thick grass, but they will teach you what to think about when you walk through thick grass, and you'll be a lot better off when you get to that grass."

Refugee Camp "Stealth" Game Hits Too Close to Home

April 30, 2003

Australia-- An anonymous group of politically motivated game designers received \$25,000 from the Australian Arts Council to produce the FPS mod *Escape from Woomera*, a game that will simulate the conditions of one of the country's most notorious refugee detention centers. The goal of the game is for players to escape the Woomera detention center (known for its poor treatment of detainees) using what is at hand—refugee action groups, sympathetic lawyers, digging tunnels or scaling fences—all based on actual events. While the council has defended the grant, the Australian Immigration minister, Philip Ruddock, has voiced strong opposition. One of the game's creators notes, "We expect people to be upset."

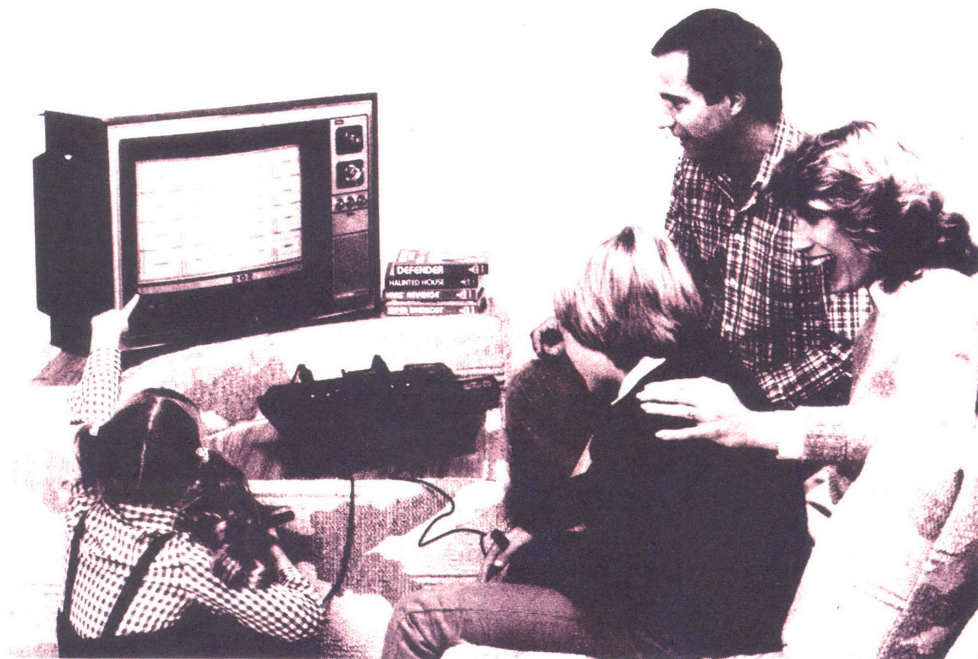
Breaking News

May 29, 2003

Researchers say what we knew all along: Games (specifically action games) increase the visual acuity of players. According to a story recently published in *Nature*, action players are 30% to 50% better than non-players at taking in everything that happens around them. Dr. Daphne Bavelier, an associate professor of cognitive neuroscience at the University of Rochester, notes that as little as 10 hours of gameplay may improve visual attention skills in real life. "You get better at a lot of things, not just the game," she said. Unfortunately, puzzle games like *Tetris* failed to improve visual acuity scores. 🎮



About 20 million of the nation's TV sets can be tuned in to play games.
(Atari, Inc.)



While he's proud of what he created, Ralph Baer's not happy with every direction the industry has taken, particularly some of today's more popular action games. "At this violence, who needs it?," he said. "All this gross stuff? Who needs blood all over the floor? But, hey, it sells. I'm just an old fart talking. ... Still, I wish there was a little more content."



NETWORKED OBSOLESCENCE



Reworking the Former Magic of "Obsolete" Machines



With their bitmapped aesthetic, grade school nostalgia, and all-in-one compactness, it's no wonder why Dev Simunovich fancies Compact Macs. He has rescued over 200 of them and has come up with some pretty interesting uses.

"I began networking them as soon as I had more than one," says Dev. Unified as the self-proclaimed bringers of "technological resurrection," c-trl (Dev, Dave Johnson, and Melanie Wilson) have been taking their Mac gaming lounges and video installations to parties (and the San Francisco Museum of

Modern Art) since 1999. Their efforts have earned positive feedback from geeks and the art crowd alike.

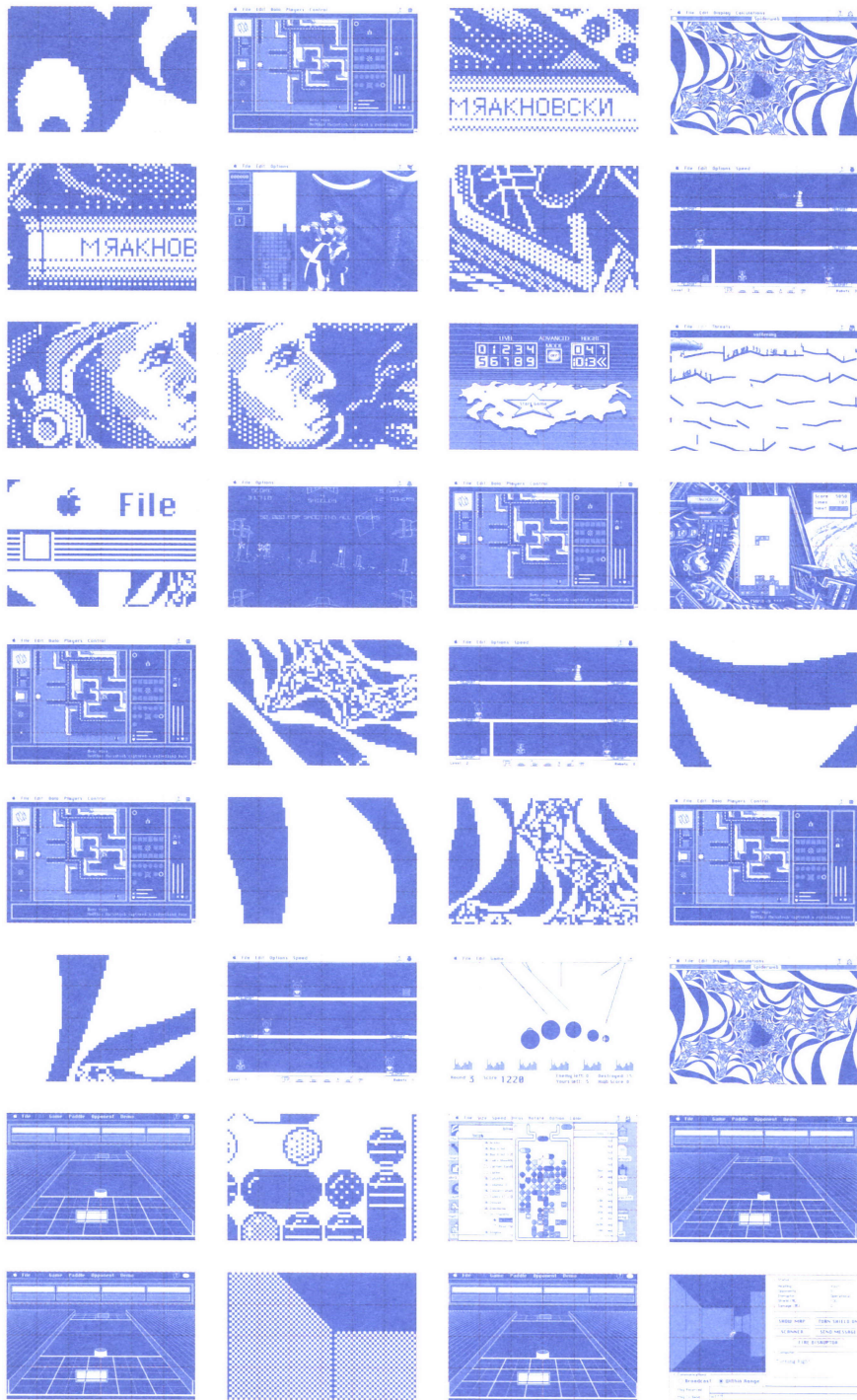
Dev found his first Compact at a thrift store in 1997. He recognized the potential of antiquated machines when his friend helped him soup up the computer to surf the Internet and check email. "I couldn't bear to see any machine go to waste," Dev explains. That's why he began feverishly collecting the second-hand computers from thrift stores and garage sales.

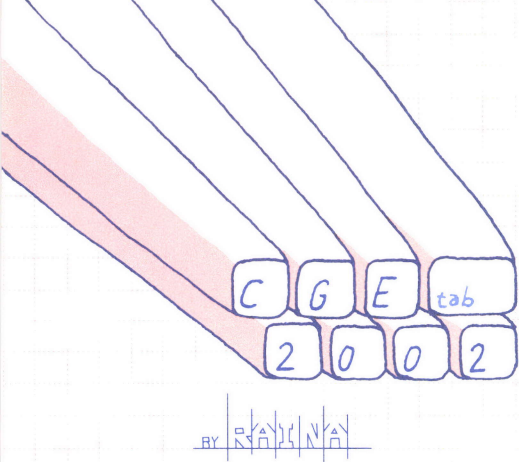
The technology is

surprisingly simple; Compacts have a built-in Apple LocalTalk protocol which can be networked with a serial cable via printer port. c-trl party favorites include *Tetris*, *Missile Command*, *Dr. Macintosh* and *Tank Bolo*. The machines run head-to-head games such as *Super Tetris*, *Tron* and *Stuntcopter*. Currently, c-trl is working on networked-driven visual installations.

For more about c-trl, visit: www.c-trl.com. 🐉







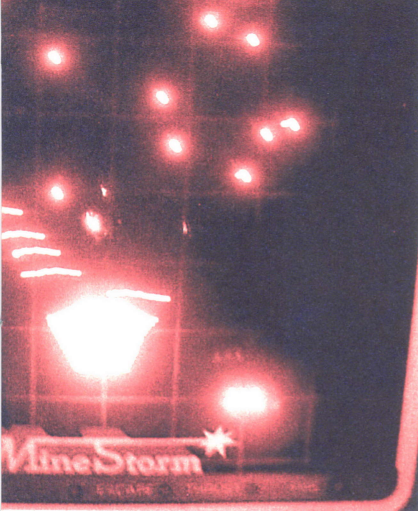
A Low-Tech E3 sans Booth Babes? Better.

The fifth-annual Classic Gaming Expo took place in old-fashioned downtown Las Vegas. A place stuck in the past seems like the perfect setting to play games from the past. I expected CGE to be "E3 circa 1983," but the convention is nothing of that nature. CGE is a homey, personable gathering of gamers with a strong common interest—to celebrate the origins of gaming and keep the oldies alive. Attended by historians, collectors, and retro game designers, CGE fosters a community spirit. People are friendly, knowledgeable, idiosyncratic, and devoted. It's the anti-E3.

With wider attendance and more booths than previous years, this year's CGE was the most eventful yet. In 2000 I went with Kim, and we were the only females under 40 who weren't wives. This CGE, however, attracted a more diverse crowd. I came with John and Mike, who were both brilliant companions (and game trivia experts) for the long car ride to Vegas.

For the collector, CGE is a virtual treasure trove of old and new titles, paraphernalia and obscure hardware. Old-school arcade cabinets line the walls. Where to start? Should I buy a Lynx? What about





an Intellivision? Where's the ATM? My first purchase was a peach-colored tee emblazoned with the Atari track-pad graphic, designed and sold by the guy who helped program the track-pad. I then moved on to an '80s paraphernalia booth where I picked up the *Pac-Man* board game for 2 bucks.

The price of admission included unlimited play on the arcade machines. We sampled rarities such as *Computer Space* (one of the first ever coin-op video games) and competed against video game wiz Billy Mitchell in contests refereed by Walter Day of *Twin Galaxies* (see *1-Up* Issue 2). The rarest of the rare was on display at the Museum, an area that housed



a collection of curious prototypes, imports, and ephemeral peripherals. On Saturday, live lunchtime entertainment was provided by *1-Up* favorite the Minibosses as well as 8-Bit Weapon.

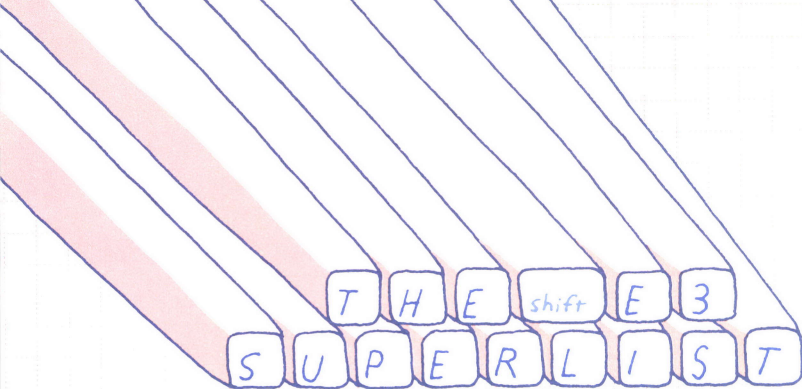
This year's exhibitors also included a slew of "homebrew" game designers, individuals who program new "retro" titles. Atari 2600 homebrew was the definite focus this year with new titles such as *Marble Craze*, *Warring Worms* and the hypnotic but annoying *Mr. Roboto*, a cart which played an 8-bit version of the *Styx* classic. The coolest piece of software was a set up that stored Atari games on CD as a WAV file. You insert a special adapter cartridge into the original console, connect to an ordinary CD player, and the cartridge reads the WAV files as playable games. Ultra-cool.

The best part of CGE was

the free-for-all swap meet. For an hour, convention goers could display their wares garage sale-style to trade or sell. I applaud any place that encourages trading! John picked up a stack of *Pac-Man* trading card stickers for \$3, and I bought *Game and Watch Super Mario Brothers* and *Octopus* for a song. We even set up shop and started hawking issues of *1-Up*.

My only complaint is that while I love Atari, the CGE is too Atari-centric and could use more representation of NES, Genesis and other later systems. I can't wait until fans start designing homebrew NES games! Nonetheless, the CGE is highly recommended for anyone who wants to talk shop with experts, improve their collection and experience old-school gaming bliss. Bring tons of cash, a camera and your game collector's list! 🎮





BY RYAN NAVA



Another year, another E3. The floor quivers; it's an epileptic nightmare. The lights are so bright, the music and gunfire (patapatapata!) so loud, that I can't help but think to myself, "Video games are going to take over the world!" I can't decide if these visions of the future are good or bad. In the meantime, I'm trampled by boys three times my size and am forced to take involuntary whiffs of funk (there's always funk). Here is a collection of E3 thoughts.

Weird:

Games based on reality shows: AKA *American Idol*. The game features judging, singing, dance-rhythm and karaoke elements. For the latter, you sing the note when an on-screen dot passes the circle. Some of the contestants sound like dying chickens.

Monster Rancher & Dancing Booth Babes: Imagine a large, pink stuffed-animal-duck-sprite creature. Now picture it dancing with booth babes clad in rave-inspired outfits. The booth even had a "DJ" babe. A game journalist friend of mine proclaimed, "Chicks who DJ are HOT!" So lame. Temco, creators of the infamous *Dead or Alive: Xtreme Beach Volley Ball* orchestrated this strange event for *Monster Rancher 4*. At least *Fatal Frame 2: Crimson Butterfly* will be awesome.

Real U.S. Army Men: Controlling missile-launching remote-control battle-bot-type carts, these men of valor were here





to represent our military in all their camouflaged, spit-polished glory. The *America's Army* booth, sponsored by the most globally influential game publisher/geo-political power in the world, was totally fatigued out. The U.S. Army also had a tank outside South Hall and put on parachute drop demonstrations too. As a civilian, it was cool to meet real, live military people. They were a bunch of normal, young guys with licenses to kill. One let me try on his semi-automatic rifle.

Cops and Robbers: Picture a man dressed as a turn of the century cop with baton and cuffs and another man dressed as Jean Valjean. Very suggestive.

The Plethora of Military Games: *Vietcong*, *Socom 2*, *America's Army*, *Men of Valor: Vietnam* were just a few of the titles. Most of the games were strategy or first-person shooters. I still find it hard to shoot anything that is not a member of the Covenant.

Bad:

Licensed "Meta-Games": There were tons of games based on blockbuster movies or '70s TV shows that were originally based on comics. One day the circle will be complete, and there will be a game based on a TV show, based on a movie, based on a book, that was incidentally based a game. Derivatives should be left to calculus, not pop culture.

Stealth Mode: Most new titles with a wall-crawl were touted as "stealth" games. It looks to me like a flood of *Metal Gear Solids*. Does that mean any game that incorporates a key and a door is a puzzle game?

Bullet-Time: *The Matrix* is everywhere and everything. It surrounds us and penetrates us. It binds the galaxy together. Really. Every action title now has its own version of "Bullet-Time," including the banal *Charlie's Angels* game which has "Angel Time." By pressing R1, the game slows down so you, the inexperienced gamer, can whirlwind kick every baddie on your own time. Uh, is the game like really that hard?

Booth Babes: These ladies were out in full effect and in more latex than ever. At least you had hunky military guys to balance it out.



Fake Nazis: One publisher hired Aryan actors and dressed them up like the Gestapo minus the swastika armbands. What were they thinking? I was stared down menacingly by one of the guys. It was because I'm short and yellow, isn't it?

Famous People: There were none this year. The claim that famous people (like Snoop) attend E3 is a big fat lie! I only saw Gary Coleman.

The Capcom Booth: Dudes lined up to play *Street Fighter 2*, *Marvel Vs Capcom 2*, *Capcom Vs SNK*. The local arcade was faithfully re-created on this small plot of E3. Go check out the new games, will ya?!

Good:

The Nintendo Merchandise Booth Video-Projected Floor Mat: A touch sensitive floor mat with projected images that moved with your feet! I squashed gremlins with my foot for emerald coins (+1 point). The best screen was *Pikmin 2*; flowers bloomed wherever I set foot. I felt like the Forest God in *Princess Mononoke*.

Pac-Man by Miyamoto: In his spare time, Shigeru Miyamoto likes to garden, hang out with his kids, and rethink the principles of a mostly unchanged 23-year-old dot-eating game. This time, however, he put the spotlight on the cuter and often misunderstood supporting cast of Inky, Blinky, and Clyde, re-creating the world's most famous game as...a 4-player GCN party title. One person plays as *Pac-Man* on the GBA in the traditional top-down view, and the three others play as ghosts on the GCN in third-person limited view. The ghosts can see each other's screens, but they can't always see the yellow chomper. It's *Pac-Man* evolved.

Halo 2: The demo, the trailer, the legend. Waiting to respawn, now!

Gameboy Player: It's an attachment that connects to the bottom of the GCN, allowing you to play GBA games on your normal TV. Perhaps I won't lose my eyesight after all.

Eye Toy by Sony: Like *Samba de Amiga*, *Seaman*, and *DDR*, it's technology that gives the lazy, couch-potato butt in all of us hope. This peripheral hooks up to your PS2 and lets you play simple games by punching and karate chopping. The Eye Toy doubles as a camera that allows you to paste your likeness onto a customizable avatar in games like *Tony Hawk Underground*.



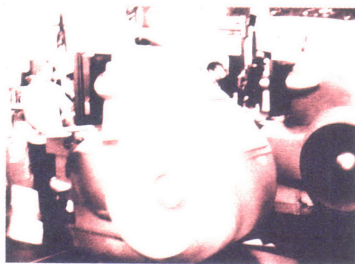
Massive 20-foot-High Video Walls: I hate CRT screens, but love enormous projected video walls. They make me feel like I'm living in the future, or at least Shibuya. The best usage of the video wall was at the Sony booth. Four players were networked to a racing game, and the video displayed not only game footage but also the comatose faces of the four deep-in-the-zone dudes. They looked a little constipated too. If only more booths used video walls for good and not for evil, E3 would be the best and weirdest billion-dollar video installation ever.

Viewtiful Joe: Ignore the dumb name and refocus on the brilliant 2-D gameplay rendered beautifully in a cell-shaded comic book universe. Much love to Capcom fighters!

Mellow Press Appointments: At least no game demo-ers this year touted "real-time breasts" (as stated by 3DO, the designers of the *Four Horsemen and the Apocalypse*) as a feature of their graphics engine.

Tron "Light Cycle" Station: *Tron 2.0*, which looks faithful to the vector-grid aesthetics of the film, was displayed on PCs wedged within life-sized light cycles. Disney should put seats in the light cycles and make "Tron: the Ride."

Sony Thursday Night Party: Rannie, my ticket into the most coveted party of E3, was not picking up her phone. The PR girl was probably busy flirting with journalists. I must have looked rather despondent because an attractive guy approached me and asked, "Do you need a party ticket? I was going to sell this but was waiting to give it to a cute girl instead." Move ahead 5 spaces. This was the only instance it's been advantageous to be a girl in the gaming industry. 🍷





One day I busted out my Commodore 64 and all these old 5 1/4 disks with pirated games on them.

At the time I was living in a converted garage—*not just any converted garage, but thee most depressing converted garage in the world.* It had a “chip-brown-tinted-half-opaque” glass window that made every day seem brown and a drafty back door that didn’t shut all the way because it was warped. The inside was filled an accumulation of crap, some stacked on decaying pseudo-homemade particle board shelves, some stored in garbage bags, some hanging from the rafters. There was even a stolen Cheese Wiz shelf from 7-11. It was a generally dank place where nobody would want to live AND I WAS LIVING THERE AND WITH

A ROOMMATE EVEN. I set up the C-64 computer

system underneath a desk, because that was the only place available (you know, I didn't want to disturb the half-taken-apart VHS machine, my roommate's d-Base-3 manuals from 1983 and the myriad "excess" which included "vintage" calculators, spools of wire that might one day come in handy, coffee cans full of broken pens and pencils from 5th grade, etc....). One day I mentioned to my roommate "hey, you know I got ACTIVISION'S RIVER RAID (TM) on this computer."

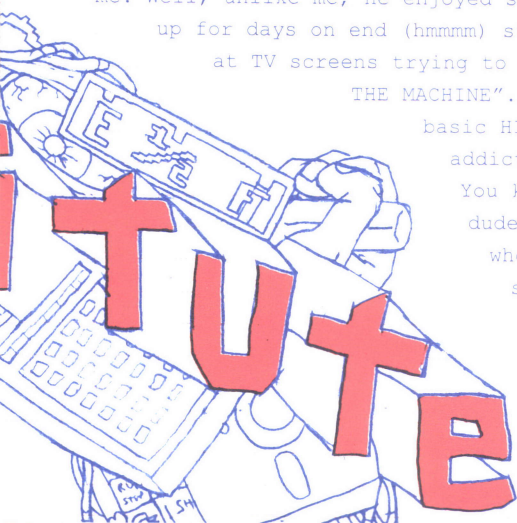
"OH, REALLY????"

My roommate, whose name will go unmentioned, was a fairly intelligent dude, who like me, got lost somewhere along life's beautiful path and wound up living in ONE SHITHOLE OF A PLACE with me. Well, unlike me, he enjoyed staying up for days on end (hmmmm) staring at TV screens trying to "BEAT

THE MACHINE"... your basic HI-SCORE addict...

You know the dude-the one who has a secret

vendetta against the machine... where words like "outsmart the machine" and "oh yeah, you're going to try that one on me again?" are normal... the type of person who will play a game just to see where the system will place the extra "0" when the score becomes too high, or who tries to complete level 99 to see if the game just "starts over again." It'd be 4 AM and 20 degrees outside (19 inside the garage) and I'd wake up and see him as still as an owl except for his hand dexterously maneuvering the joystick. I would recoil and duck my head under the cover because the adroit, calm look in his eyes for such a long duration just didn't make me feel right. This was no coffee-inspired concept in his vision, but something more robust, serious, and laser-focused--yet disturbing--behind his multi-day, octane-boosted RIVER RAID binge. Ocassionally he'd sense I was awake and he'd murmur out an unflinched, prompt, "hey bud," never once taking his eye off the screen, like "oh hey... just doin' NORMAL SHIT here ALL NIGHT LONG... DON'T MIND ME." And as morning arose I'd wait for thee time for him to just set the joystick down quietly and look over towards me, pause, and either in a Jack-Nicholson-esque-rip-my-motherfuckin-head off look, or in a sarcastic huge demented smile (take your pick), he'd say, "WELL, TIME TO GO TO MY



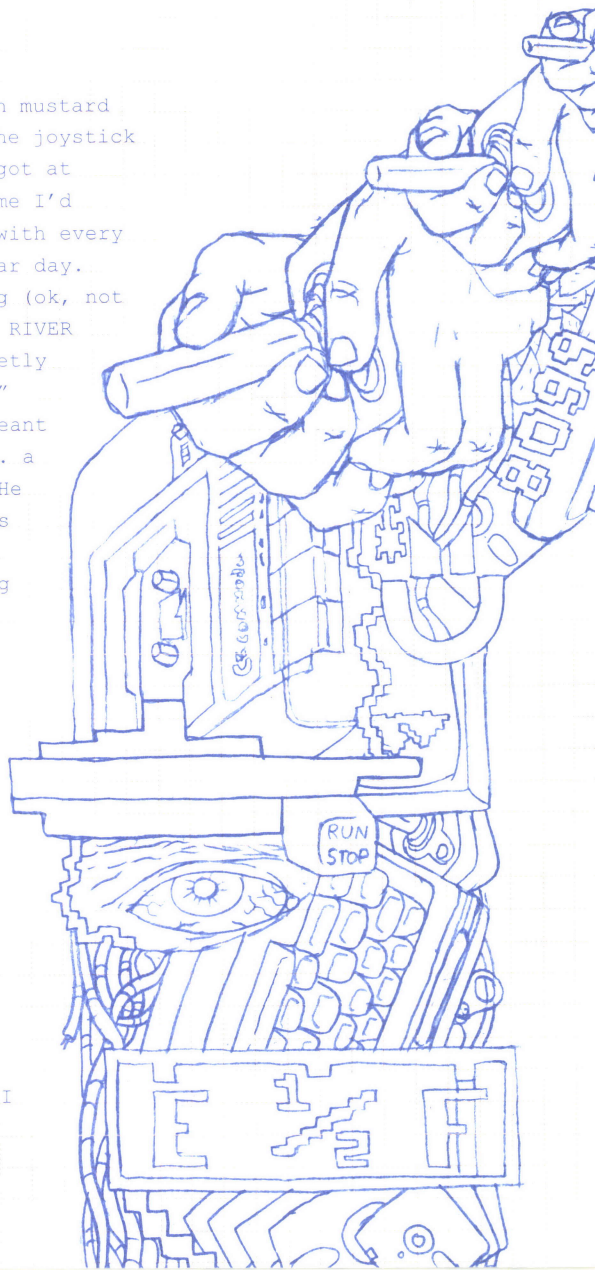
SHIT JOB."

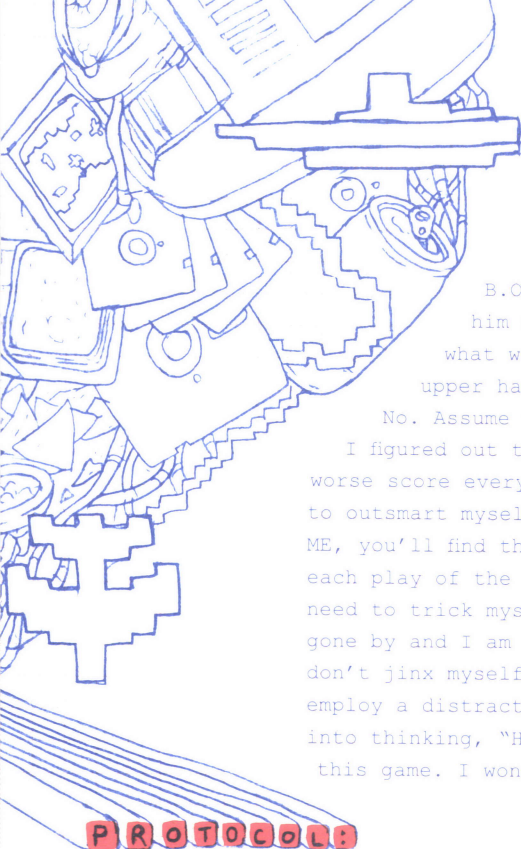
He'd get up, grab a cold-cut, roll it up, dip it in mustard and walk out the front door. Afterwards I'd grab the joystick and start playing. The more I played, the worse I got at the game. This would progressively happen every time I'd pick it up. I mean, I'd get better every day, but with every proceeding game I would get worse on that particular day. A couple years later, in a far-more evolved setting (ok, not too much more evolved), I re-challenged him to the RIVER RAID standoff. You see, I had played the game secretly the day before to warm up. It was a "party setting" (tortilla chips, beers, other humans, etc) so we meant business--cash bet and everything. I played first... a totally rad score, accented by on-looker fanfare. He played. He started to stink so bad, wasting all his lives on trivial deaths....an accidental joystick skooch to the left, hitting the riverbank...running out of fuel... for god sake, stupid shit. As I continued to laugh, he was down to his last life. And then heboosted into the ol' "UNFLINCHING M.F'r" mode racking that joystick around...bonus life....another bonus life. And then....HE BEAT ME.

NO MORE.

TIME FOR THE RIVER RAID INSTITUTE
MY SCHOOLING AND TRAINING REGIMENT
FOR ACTIVISION'S RIVER RAID VIDEO GAME
TO BEAT XXXXXXXX'S SCORE OF XXXXXXXX
BY THE DATE OF DECEMBER 31, 2002 A.D.

The details don't matter now, I only need a plan. I figure that both "the contender" and I have had ample time to heal our wounds, and I assume, like me, he's sitting in front of his computer with a





B.O.-soaked shirt merely letting life pass him by. I analyzed my personal situation to see what was different from his, and why he had "the upper hand". Was it genetic? Was it drug-induced?

No. Assume we are both typical sober caucasian losers.

I figured out that I have the personal defect of getting a worse score every consecutive time I play the game. I need to outsmart myself (I know this sounds silly, but if you're ME, you'll find this protocol logical in everyday use). After each play of the "River Raid" video game, I will literally need to trick myself into thinking that several hours have gone by and I am entirely starting over again fresh so I don't jinx myself into botching each consecutive game. I will employ a distraction technique that tricks my cognitive brain into thinking, "Hey, it's been a long time since I played this game. I wonder how GOOD I am?"

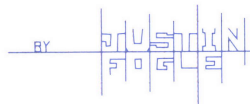
PROTOCOL:

1. Play one game of Activision's *River Raid*
2. As soon as the game ends, run to the other end of the house to make my body think I was hanging out there all day.
3. Do ten....ah, no...three push ups.
4. Clean part of my bedroom for one minute and twenty seconds.
5. Engage myself in a useless conversation with any room mate or pet.
6. Jog-walk around the block.
7. Eat a couple potato chips, maybe a turkey-ham coldcut slice.
8. Saunter by the computer, pretending I forget the game was left on.
9. Proceed to play *River Raid*
10. Go to "1"

I know I will beat him this time. I just know it. 🎮



BIS INTERVIEW



Justin catches up
with Sci-Fi Steven
of Bis, the

Glasgow-based teen-c punk sensation, about
Vice City and the meaning of Intendo.

How do you take your coffee?

White and plentiful.

What are your earliest video game memories?

Getting my first ZX Spectrum when I was about six. Somehow even at that age, I managed to convince my parents that it was a great idea to get one, and it would really help my education.

Any favorite games for that system?

So many; in fact I still play most of them on my Spectrum emulator on my PC. Early faves included *Manic Miner* and *Jet Set Willy*, but there were some tremendous football (soccer) games too, *Match Day*, *Football Manager* etc. *Bomb Jack* was the best arcade conversion, I think.

What is your favorite video game system(s) of all time?

I've enjoyed the Megadrive (Genesis) probably more than any others. Games like *Micro Machines* haven't been bettered since then, but I can't knock the PS2 at the moment for sheer gameplay. *Pro Evolution Soccer* and *Grand Theft Auto* can take away too much time though.

Were video games a big part of your childhood?

I wasn't mad into the role-playing games like many I don't have the patience, but I did spend too much time at the arcades playing *Kung-Fu Master*! Certainly, I can

Sci-Fi Steven



John Disco



relate certain moments in my life to what console I had at the time.

Do you currently play any video games?

Grand Theft Auto Vice City on the PS2 is still the No.1 bad boy 'round these parts. I've not had much time recently, but I've just got a load of second-hand games to try out (*Final Fantasy X*, *Metal Gear Solid 2*), so I'll try to wean myself off the football games eventually.

Does Bis bring video game systems on tour?

Always take a GameBoy of some description. John usually brings a laptop with the Spectrum emulator on it, but sadly we never got to the stage where we had a proper tour bus. That said, we had a Megadrive in a wee van once, but the screen was so small and the roads so bumpy that you couldn't really see anything!

Eggs: sunny side up, scrambled, or over easy?

Sunny side up, with American-style hash browns!

Is there a video game you wish Bis could have done the music for?

All the football games have such shitty music, so I'm sure we could liven up the next *Pro Evolution Soccer*!

Do any of your songs sample video games?

I did spend a couple of days sampling old Spectrum and C-64 games once and we've used a few of those, most noticeably on our *Factory* tribute 12". Definitely the restrictions of early

8-bit machines made for some fucked-up sounds which we will always love.

Do you own any game soundtracks?

Not really, but the *GTA Vice City* soundtracks of the different in-game radio stations are outrageously good.

Has Bis ever recorded anything for a game soundtrack? Do you guys plan to?

We were supposed to do something for the *Powerpuff Girls* game, but I think they've taken on the Sugababes instead. It's come the time where we're getting bumped for younger models! We have a song, "Statement of Intent", on the *Jet Set Radio Future* game though.

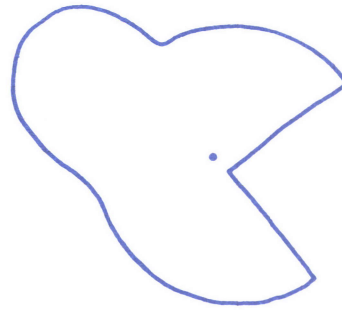
Bis has an album called *Intendo*. What is the meaning of that title?

I can't really remember why we picked that. Possibly because we were signed to Sony in Japan and wanted to piss them off!

Are you familiar with the *Parappa The Rapper* games? I think you guys should work with Masay Matsuura, the guy responsible for *Parappa The Rapper*. I think your music would fit nicely with his style.

I loved the first game so much, and can pretty much reel off the raps off the top of my head. I've still got a *Parappa* alarm clock too! Put us in touch with Mr. Matsuura—that would be a dream come true! 🐱





THE HUNCHPAC OF NOTRE DAME.

Jill played atari

by GUS MASTRAPA



Illustrations
by SOUTHER
SALAZAR

Jill played ATARI. Sometimes I'd come over to find her sitting Indian-style, dead-center on the PERSIAN rug, deep into a MARATHON game of Pitfall. A CAN of cheap beer would be AT ONE KNEE, A SMOKING ASHTRAY at the other. ONCE she showed me how to beat Raiders of the Lost Ark; a game I'd ALWAYS REMEMBERED AS INFURIATING. Jill could methodically WALK through the doorless ROOMS and tsetse fly infested SWAMPS with an ease that betrayed hours of childhood GAME-PLAY. "You have to whip the walls right here," she'd say AS IF the ACT WERE A simple fact of life.

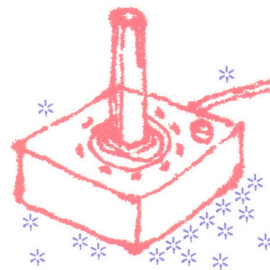
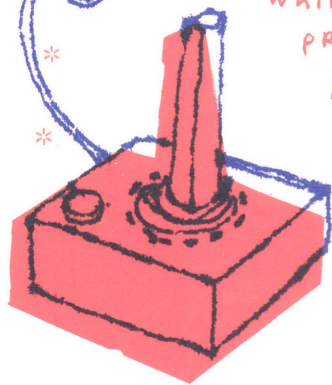
THE fact that Jill had grown UP ON ATARI and still loved playing the dusty, old console WASN'T the REASON why she WAS so fascinating to me. Neither were her fixations with Godzilla, Pee Wee HERMAN,

punk rock or cheap beer. All those guy-centric interests were just offshoots of what made Jill so cool.

BARELY SURVIVING A tumultuous adolescence in middle America, Jill had struck out young, forgoing college for a bill-paying job. She'd grown into a tough but caring, '90s babe who hid a feminine body under skater clothes, Nordic blonde hair under a multi-color dye job, and a fair complexion under a salon tan. There were always bottles of Corona in Jill's fridge, tequila in her cabinet and a place on the couch for a drunken pal to crash.

Jill was also married, and though she and her husband were on the outs, this fact spelled an obvious doom that I cheerfully ignored. My time with her was thrilling, gut-wrenching and very, very brief. We cruised the tables of toy shows, stayed up late drinking Busch, and made sloppy, ineffectual love to Bjork and PJ Harvey while sitting house in her boss' suburban pre-fab.

Money was scarce then. My job barely paid the rent, and I was feeling restless, so I bit the bullet and parted with anything "non-essential."



IS EVERYTHING COOL?

MY COMICS and the STAR WARS ACTION figures I'd had since childhood stayed, AND PRETTY MUCH everything else went. The JACK AND SALLY dolls went for A PRETTY PENNY AT the toy con. I dumped my old Gibson and AMPS AT A guitar shop, and let go of A TON of RANDOM ACTION figures for A decent load of CASH.

THE money quickly RAN out and MY PLAYSTATION had to go. I'd bought the console early. IT WAS the model that you could trick into playing IMPORT titles by simply SWAPPING discs. IT NEVER overheated AND NEVER had to be flipped ON ITS BACK TO WORK right. I sold it and A stack of games for \$100 bucks.

LUCKILY, Jill's new roommate had the console AS WELL so often I'd sit down in front of over AND play Crash

her TV, nudge the ATARI Bandicoot while she dyed her hair. Once, I felt her behind me, watching me collect MANGOS, OR whatever CRASH likes to eat, AND sensed something STRANGE. "Is everything cool?" I asked, BARELY looking over my shoulder to her.



"Yeah," she nodded uncomfortably, before I'd just moved into my apartment, broke me the news. She'd spent the work up the courage. I'd spent the night, and ARRANGING my new pad, would be dedicated to christening

"I just don't feel that way tears. I placidly AGREED, BARELY I didn't take the rejection EVERY RUN-IN with her in a PAIN from bubbling out killed my friends to

One night, Jill's my apartment door. he said. "I got this

Neither

console INTO the TV and fired it up, FOR AN hour or so, All of the REGRETS THAT had been TORTURING me

RETREATING to her bedroom. my first single, when Jill ENTIRE EVENING DRINKING to ENTIRE EVENING UNPACKING, clear with the idea that the night the new love Nest.

ANYMORE," she said through her putting up a fight.

EASILY. EVERY mention of Jill stung, BAR WAS A TRIAL. I couldn't keep the through my face, AND it must have see it.

Roommate and her boyfriend knocked on "We brought the PLAYSTATION AND A SIX-PACK," NEW GAME, Twisted Metal, it's Really cool."

of them mentioned Jill once. We jacked the

fell AWAY.



1-1

Laura Martin,
c. 1985

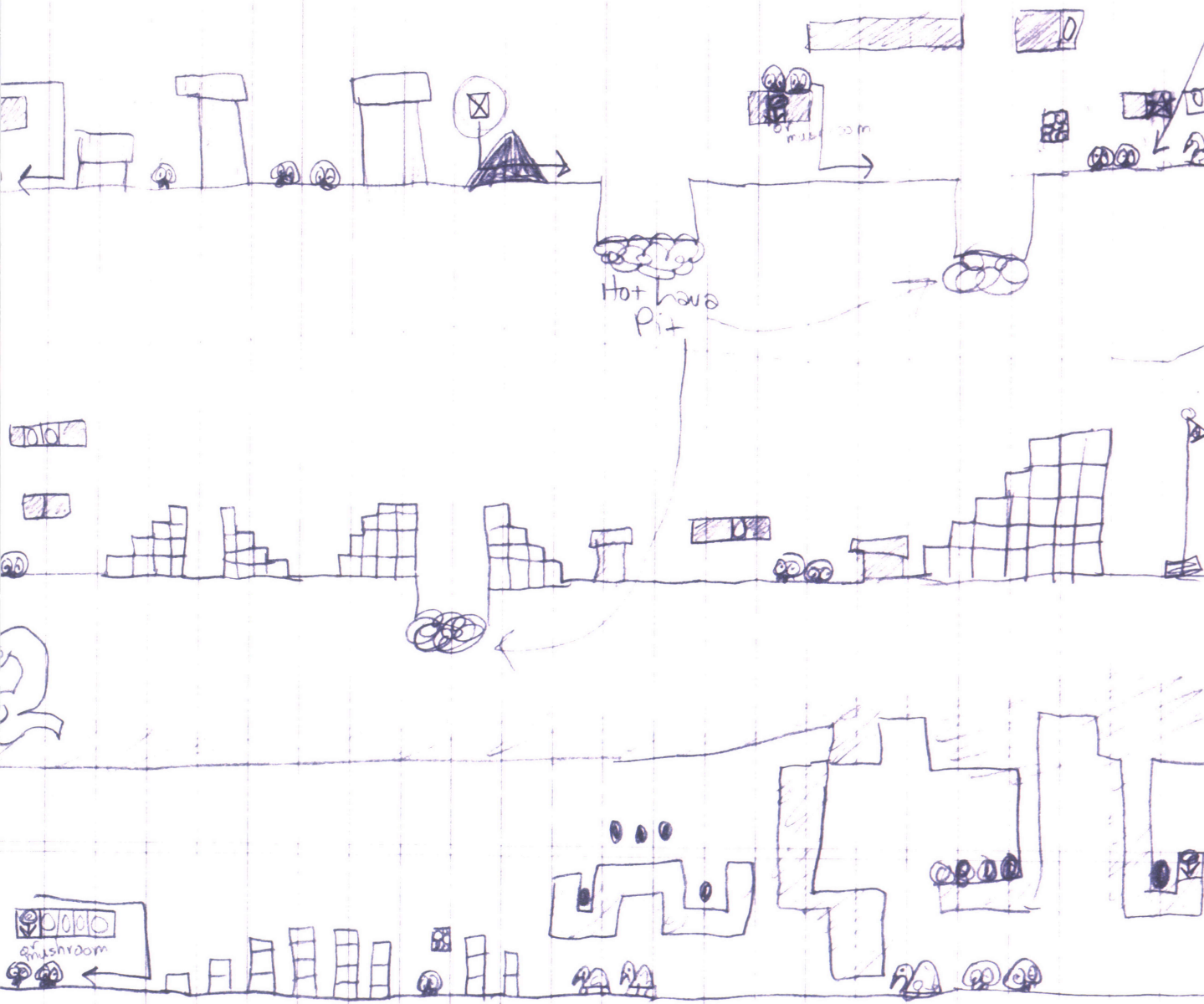
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Kool - 
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Billy

"Perfect Pac-Man"



tmcheil

INTERVIEW BY 

*In the **Twin Galaxies Official Video Game and Pinball Book of World Records**, Walter Day mentions a young buck who during a critical part of a 46-hour game of Centipede had to pee very, very badly. The marathon gamer refused to choose between achieving video game glory and his bladder, so he dragged the arcade cabinet with him into the toilet stall. While this perplexed other bathroom users, Billy Mitchell had just taken obsessive gaming to, ahem, new territories.*

Billy "Perfect *Pac-Man*" Mitchell has been beating the crap out of games since 1980. While he is most known for the first perfect game of *Pac-Man*—meaning gathered all possible points—he holds numerous other game records including *Burgertime*, *Donkey Kong* and *Ms. Pac-Man*. Still active today on the tournament circuit, Billy was once part of Walter Day's legendary U.S. Video Game Team and has been named "Player of the Century" by Namco.

Billy is a real character. But then again, anyone who has played *Centipede* for 46 hours straight must be. Over six feet tall, with shoulder-length feathered hair, mustache, and early beard, neither Billy's towering presence nor his eclectic personality can easily be ignored. He is known to make an entrance in his signature tight jeans, button-down shirt, and stars and stripes tie.

I got to chat with Mr. Perfect *Pac-Man* himself on a sunny Saturday afternoon outside the Pak Mann arcade. Boisterous, funny, and partial to female journalists, Billy revealed his thoughts on how to take game marathon pee breaks and the secrets of the killscreen.

How long have you been playing video games?

Since around 1980. When video games first came out, I wasn't really attracted to them. I went into arcades





with my friends, started to play, and developed what eventually became what I like to call a controlled obsession. I began to have the obsession to be the best. It was basically an attitude that everyone had, the attitude that somebody had to be on top, and it was gonna be me.

What was the first game you played?

The first game I played to any serious level was *Donkey Kong*. It quickly became my favorite game. In 1982, at Twin Galaxies [arcade] in front of what was considered to be the 20 best video game players at the time, playing *Donkey Kong* earned me a full page spread in the January 1983 issue of *Life* magazine. I got 849,000 on my first man. That forever put me in a seat, in a state of mind of absolute obsession to be the best.

Your first world record was *Donkey Kong*?

Yes it was. The school I went to had a kid who played better than me. He was the nerdiest kid in school; when he walked down the hall everybody smacked him in the back of the head. He could beat me and I couldn't let that happen. That began my quest.

What's a *killscreen*?

The first time that word came up was when I played *Donkey Kong* in front of *Life* Magazine.

From *Donkey Kong*, it became the word for an impossible board.

When you're playing a marathon game, what keeps you going?

I played *Centipede* for 46 hours. Just like anything you do, you play it, you feel good, you're on top, you feel really drained, you get a second wind, and then you feel better, you get a third wind. Somewhere along the line you gonna run out of winds. Its sort of like being a warrior, its an obsession to never surrender.

How do you take pee breaks? Do you save up lives to go to the bathroom?

The machine's here, the bathroom there, you cover the ground as quickly as you can to there and back. You have men in reserve and you hope you don't lose all your men by the time you get to the controls.

How does that work in, for example, *Pac-Man*?

Oh *Pac-Man*'s easy; it has about 11 different hiding spots. Most of the ones people wouldn't know.

Is the story in Walter's book true about you dragging the *Centipede* machine in the bathroom with you during a marathon?

That was called the Iron Man contest and in that contest, I played for 39 hours. I had to





"The zone in my opinion is a fallacy. It's nothing I believe in. It's a state I've never been at."



go the bathroom, I couldn't tell myself 'no' to a game that serious. Literally the game almost levitated across the room, and I pulled it right to the door of the bathroom. As I did that, somebody tried to get in the bathroom, and realized what was going on. He kind of left the arcade in shock. I said to him, "What are you doing? I'm trying to play a game here."

Players often talk about being in "the zone." Do you ever enter "the zone"?

You asked the wrong person. The zone in my opinion is a fallacy. It's a state I've never been at. When people ask me to describe when you're at that ultimate level in a competitive nature on one of the many world records that I've set, the best way to describe it isn't the zone. The best way for me to describe it is painful.

What do you do for a living?

I'm a business owner--I distribute and manufacture hot sauce all over the world.

You spend a lot of hours playing video games. How have games affected your social life? Did you meet friends at the arcade?

When we go into an arcade setting, it's all friendship. In the old days, we would meet our friends there, because basically, we had the same obsession. [Video games] had a very, very

positive effect on my life.

In Walter Day's book, he always mentions the pretty, young ladies who'd look on as you'd play. Did being a game champ get you dates?

The attention was more than you can ever imagine. The attention from the guys is easily forgotten. The attention from the girls is what we talk about today. The opportunities for dates were abundant. But it was almost like being an outcast. We had an obsession in the arcade. We used to play tricks on each other, we'd find some girl willing to help us, one of us would be playing, and we'd say, "go over there and distract him." But there wasn't anyone ever good looking enough to pull us away from the arcade, and that's the truth!

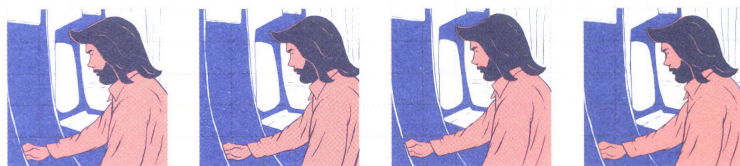
What was the U.S. Video Game Team like?

Our motto towards each other was do unto others, and then split. There was about 15 of us fighting. I think about the things we did and that none of us ever got killed was unbelievable. We always went on Go-Karts. We were vicious, borderline violent with each other.

Have you come across great female gamers?

Besides my daughter? No. Am I gonna get picketed from the NOW or something? There





were women who were really good. But when it got to the highest level, it was all guys. It's kind of like boxing—there are women that are really good, that could smack you around, but there's no woman who's gonna take the title from a man. I think women have a higher place to achieve in the game world, because video game playing, although it's a physical aspect, it's mostly a mental aspect. And I know most men wouldn't like me to admit it, but women are on a par with men on that level. (Ed. Note: like, duh.) They can beat all the guys; I just don't want them to beat me.

Do you play newer games?

No I don't. You simply can't argue with the graphics, how advanced they are. They're superior to anything you can put hands on from the past. However, in the past, the games had a level of cartoonish-ness to them. They were fun, and they had humor in them. They were far more intriguing than the games of today. The creativity it took to make those games was far greater than what it takes today. The comparison, I think, is someone who is really smart, intelligent, great with people, well-educated and everything [compared to] other people who can get by on just their good looks.

In the game world of yesterday, [games] didn't get by on their looks. The games of today can.

If we could ever merge them together, then that would be the ultimate. What was funny was that in the old games, someone in the game would get squashed somehow and people would be like, "Oh my gosh, this thing is violent!"

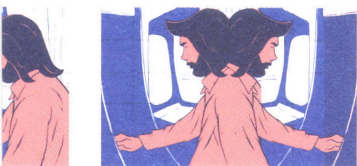
What's your advice for an aspiring record breaker?

My advice to someone who's looking to break a world record: Forget it, go back to school.

You just don't want any competition!

It's sort of like, people that get on a bus one night to Hollywood for stardom. There is that minute percentage of people that succeed. But most of them never got on the bus. It's the same way in the game world. I would say it takes patience, curiosity, the mild obsession—mild isn't the right word. What it takes is something that's inbred in your personality. Even if you have that desire in you, people always ask me, compare a video game player to an athlete, and justify that comparison. It's in your DNA. 🦋





Shoptalk

With Billy

Pac Man:

On the 256th screen, there's only enough memory in the system for the left half of the screen. The right half is filled with computer garble; there are invisible dots and visible dots you can't eat. The walls change. It's an absolute mess. There are 11 dots—you can eat 9 out of 11, and some of the dots reappear!

Ms. Pac Man:

On the 134th board, the board actually flips upside down, but you play right-side up. You go through the walls. You have to memorize; visually you see it upside down but you play right side up. You have to run the bottom maze with all the walls and the timing in your mind.

Burgertime:

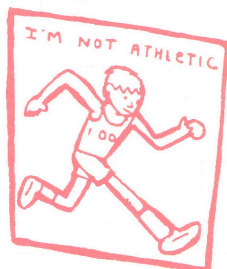
Level 20 is a killscreen.

No matter how many men you have, you can't pass if you don't have enough peppers.

At board 28 the most ridiculous, difficult thing I have ever seen in a video game happens; it gets so fast and violent that it's unbelievable. The first time I got there, I had over 200 men in reserve, over 77 peppers, and I couldn't get through the board. Since then I've done it; Now I've gotten to level 34. I'm the only person that has gotten past 28.

Dig Dug:

On board 256 you start in the center of the board. And no matter what you do Pooka's on top of you. I've tried all kinds of stuff— I got on each button with an electric toothbrush, and hit the button 33 seconds on each side. No matter how many guys you have it's not passable.☒



ANYTHING YOU WANT FROM THE GRABBER!

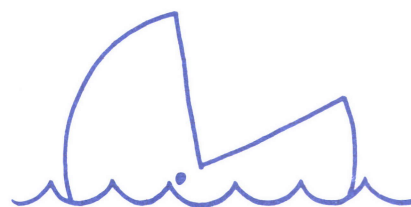


MY SPECIALTY IS SKEE BALL



THE WINNING TICKETS COME OUT OF THE DISPENSER & I'M A RICH DUDE

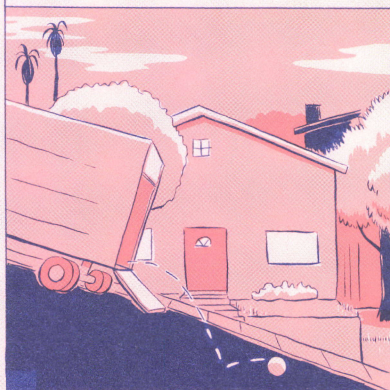




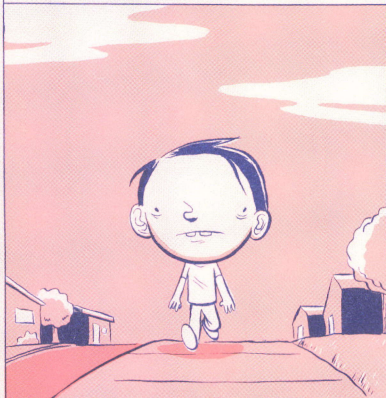
PAC-STROKE.



IN THE EARLY 80'S, MY GRANDPARENTS, MY MOM AND I MOVED TO A NEW, YELLOW STUCCO HOUSE DOWN THE HILL FROM OUR OLD, GRAY CLAPBOARD ONE.



I HAD HEARD THERE WAS AN ICE-CREAM MAN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, SO ONE DAY I WENT OUT LOOKING FOR HIM.



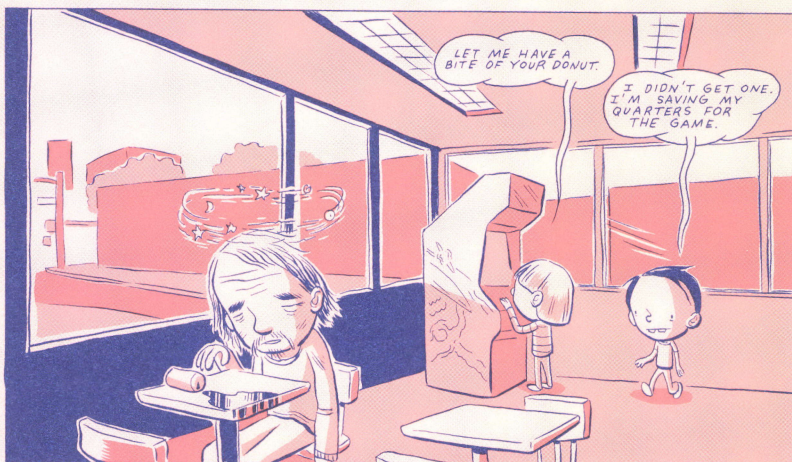
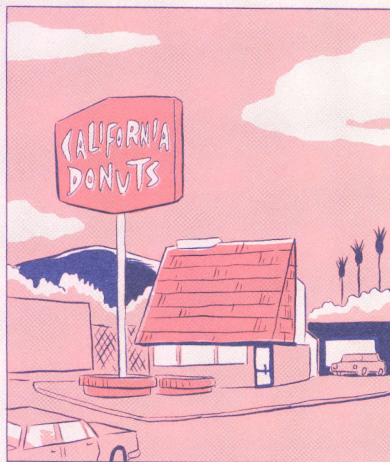
BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING ICE-CREAM, I MET A KID NAMED JAY.

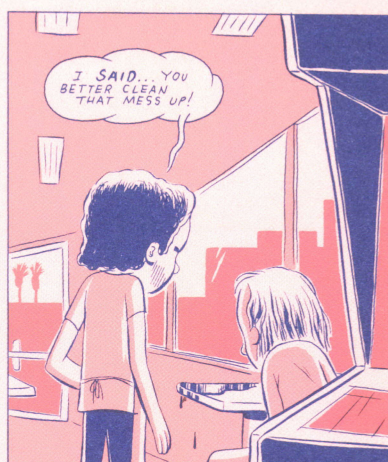


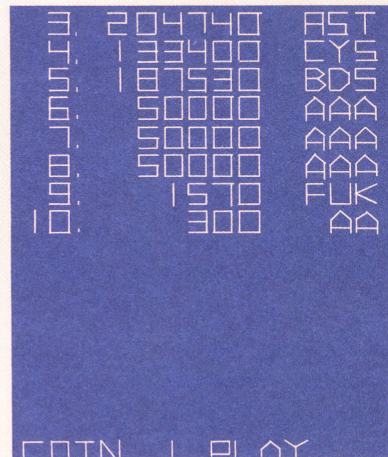
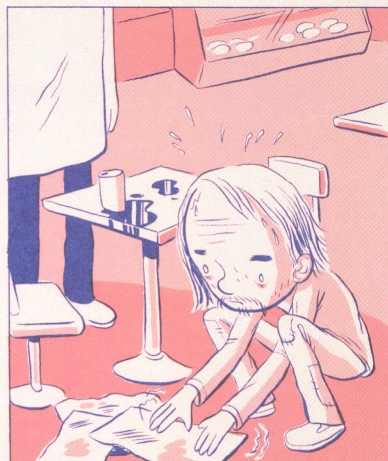
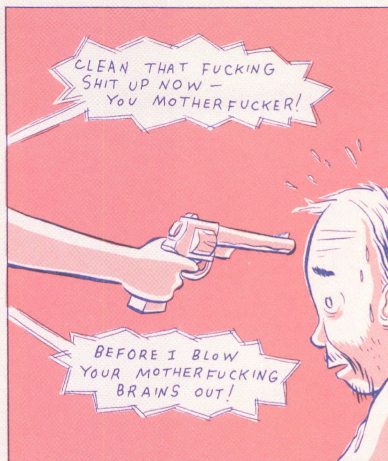
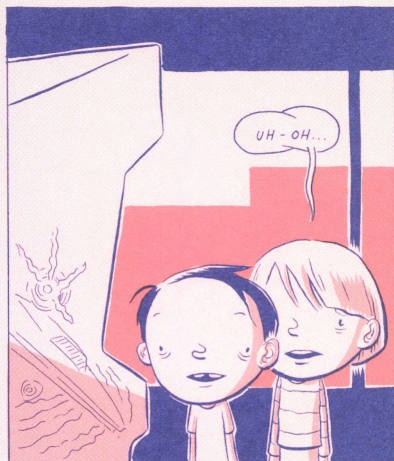
THE FIRST TIME I PLAYED ASTEROIDS... ◀

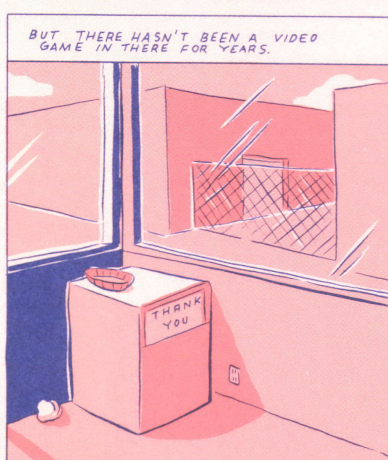
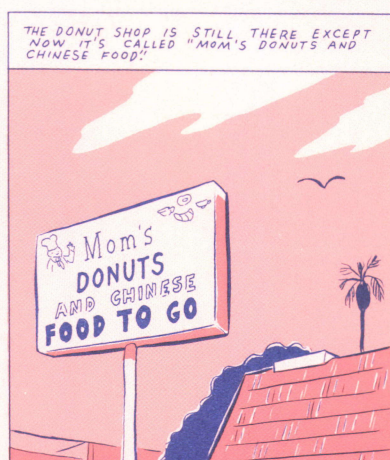
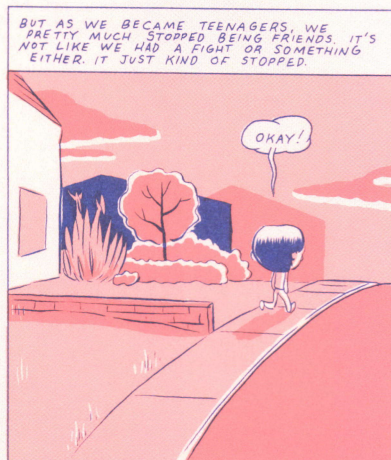
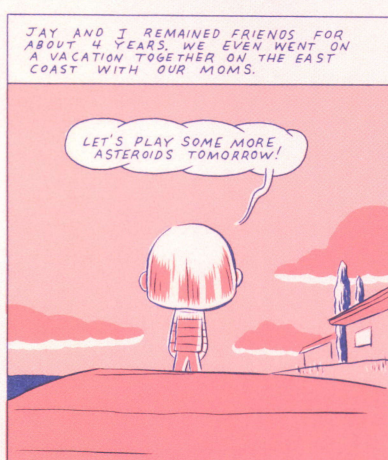
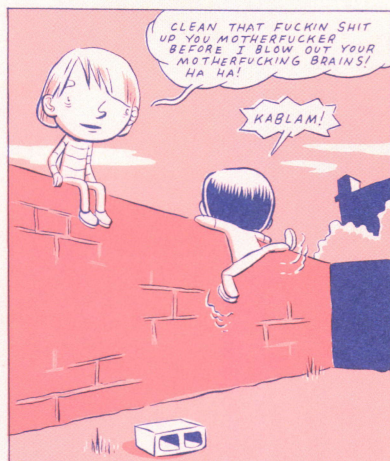


BY MART ©2003









ATARI

VIDEO MUSIC™

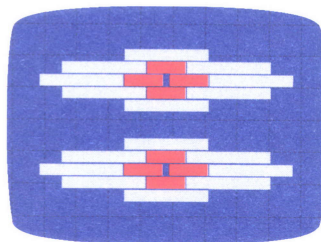
From the innovators of *Super Pong*, *Video Pinball*, and *Stunt Cycle* comes a totally new dimension in high fidelity listening. For the first time, you actually see the music you hear.

With its stylish mix of rustic woodgrain side panels and futuristic silver face, the Atari Video Music may look like another piece of sophisticated hi-fi equipment. But it's so much more.

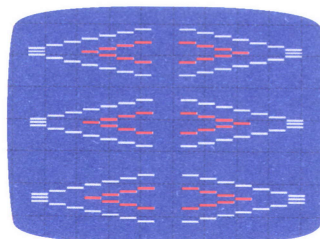
The AVMS is a brand new type of video display technology that bridges the gap between your multi-component home stereo system and your television. Generating images from the digital selection, responding within milliseconds to the intensity and tempo of the music being played, you can actually watch your music comes alive in full, rich color.

Any receiver or amplifier can easily be attached to the Atari Video Music System though its convenient RCA jacks. Connect the AVM to your TV, and the fun begins. By adjusting any of the 12 buttons and 5 knobs, you can explore a limitless world of brilliant shapes, patterns, and colors. Or choose the automatic setting and the AVMS will take over with a dazzling audio-visual concert, the perfect backdrop for any party.

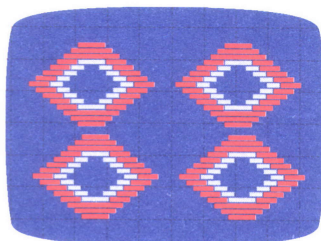
List price \$599.99



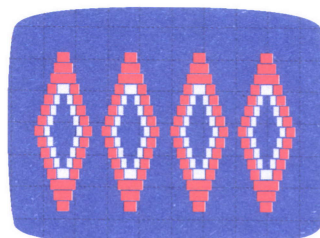
Grover Washington, "Just The Two Of Us"



Olivia Newton John, "Have You Ever Been Mellow"



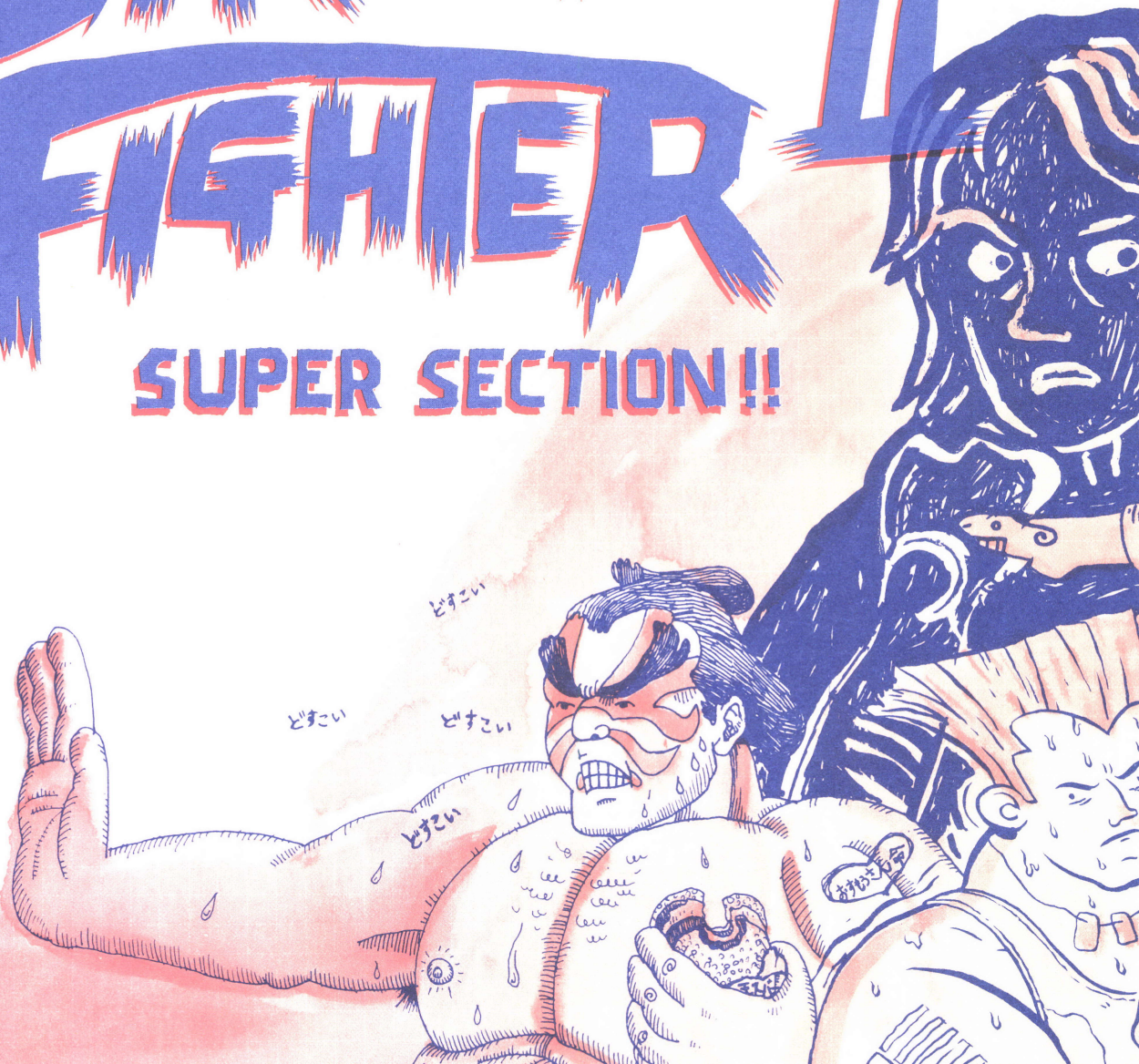
Blue Oyster Cult, "Burning For You"



Eddie Money, "Baby Hold On"

STREET FIGHTER II

SUPER SECTION!!





Quarter Circle Punch

a primer on the phenomenon
written by Raina, illustrated by
Sammy Harkham

Zangief

rant from a Street Fighter 2
hater

Street Fighter IV

the elusive sequel only
available in Beijing

Tales of a Street Fighter 2

Girl Nerd

walking fireballs and getting
next

written and illustrated by

Raina Lee

Blister

7-11 and fighting drama
a comic by John Pham

Bonus Round

Street Fighter: The Animated

Movie

a review

Bang the Machine

a documentary about the

tournament life

Super Action Series: Street

Fighter II Comic

the hard to find manga series

Ultra Data Cache

fandom from the Internet

High Art, Low Kicks

wine and cheese and firefalls

Street Fighter 2 Folklore

collected and demystified

Street Fighter I

totally pneumatic video game!



QUARTER CIRCLE PUNCH

A Brief Introduction to the Seminal Fighting Sensation.

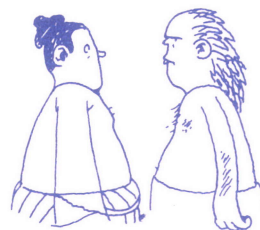


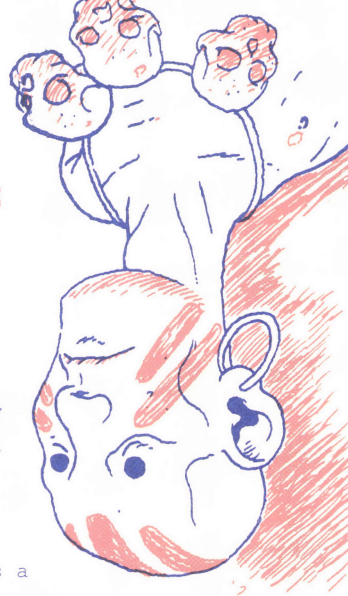
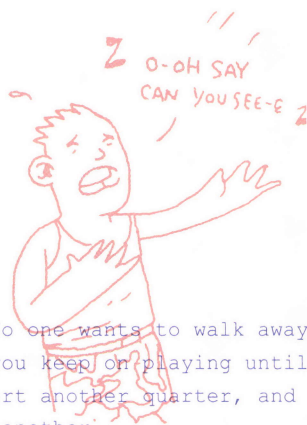
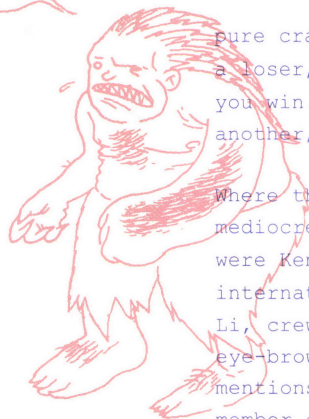
Don't call yourself a real gamer if you've never mastered the mother of all fighting games, *Street Fighter 2*. The surprise sequel inspired a generation of kids to yell "Sho-Ryu-Ken!" all the way to the arcade and made the quarter-circle punch the universal sign for "Ha Dou Ken." It drew us out of our homes after long years of NES playing, and gave us an excuse to show off, get into fights and learn to be a good sport.

By integrating combos, timed reactions, and the ultra cool counterattack, *Street Fighter 2* forged a new era of competitive, manually dexterous gaming. Winners were no longer determined by the highest score, but by a very personal face-off. Until this game, head-to-head fighting games were simple and arbitrary, like *Karate Champ*.

The repertoire of moves and counterattacks in *Street Fighter 2* however, was complex and gave players relative freedom. You could throw a furious Sonic Boom but your opponent, with precise timing, could deflect it with an even fiercer upper cut. The gameplay also allowed players the chance to redeem themselves with last minute combo assaults. With such intricate gameplay, it's no wonder that street fighters would get sucked into "the zone." It was not uncommon to see players over-identify with their characters, and take fights personally. The game became second nature; you believe that you were the bits on-screen, and your ego is as crushed as your defeated fighter when you lost.

Street Fighter 2's ability to put its players in the zone explains the game's addictiveness. While single player mode is a yawn, head-to-head competition is like



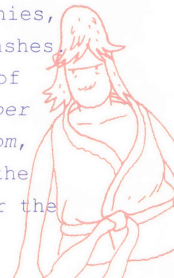


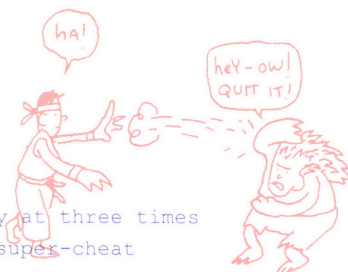
pure crack: No one wants to walk away a loser, so you keep on playing until you win. Insert another quarter, and another, and another...

Where the original *Street Fighter* was a mediocre game whose only playable characters were Ken and Ryu, *Street Fighter 2* introduced an international cadre of fighters: Chinese kickmaster Chun Li, crew-cut beefhead Guile, the blond-haired, brown eye-browed Ken, and the long-limbed Dhalsim. Even today, mentions of the names evoke fireballs and airthrows. Each member of the memorable crew has his or her own signature battle moves and separate story ending-- some weirder than others. Who can forget the strange end-tale of Blanka, aka Jimmy, who is reunited with his mama after living his whole life in the jungle as a feral man-beast?

Due to the phenomenal popularity the game, *Street Fighter 2* became a way of life. The game spawned a subculture of fanatics and sweat-inducing tournament culture, culling highly skilled super-players. The best convene at the Southern California tournament *Evolution*, and keep up with the scene on *shoryuken.com*. The documentary *Bang the Machine* demonstrated that the tight-knit community is filled with hierarchies, regional rivalries, and personality clashes.

The game also inspired a multitude of sequels, spin-offs, and hacks. *Super Street Fighter 2*, *Marvel vs. Capcom*, and *Capcom vs. SNK 2* are some of the better examples. Some may remember the

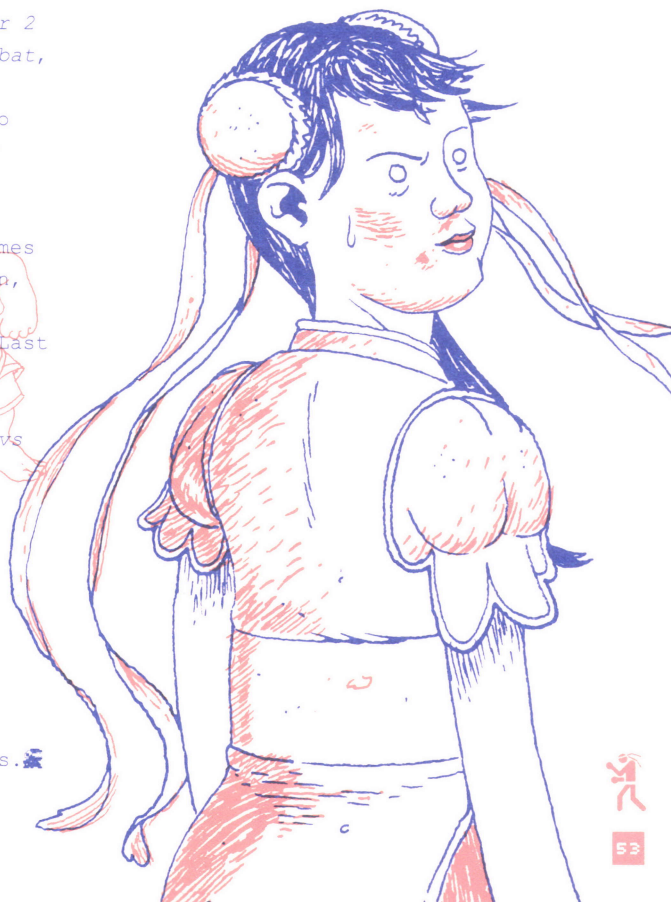




hyperactive hack that allowed you to play at three times the speed of the original, enabling the super-cheat of throwing multiple fireballs at different heights and trajectories. The license also lent its characters to the super-addictive *Puzzle Fighter*, the gem-building *Tetris*-style game where Capcom characters appear as cuddly, super-deformed versions of themselves. *Street Fighter 2* also paved the way for lesser titles like *Mortal Kombat*, and eventually gave way to intricate 3D fighters such as *Tekken* and *Soul Calibur*; its influence continues to inspire hip hop lyrics, Jackie Chan movies (see *City Hunter*) and G.I. Joe action figures as well.

Walk into any arcade today and the Capcom fighting games will be the most intensely stewed over and sweated on, next to the aerobic *Dance Dance Revolution* machine. *Street Fighter* culture, however, is on the decline. Last year Capcom announced that they would stop producing arcade titles, and concentrate their efforts on the console market instead. The latest ports are *Marvel vs Capcom 2* and *Capcom vs. SNK 2 EO* on Xbox, the latter being an online title.

Street Fighter 2 fighting games: We will miss your presence in the arcade. We here at 1-Up have assembled a collection of all things *Street Fighter 2*, including writing, ephemera, a review of *Bang the Machine*, folklore, and notable instances of cyber-fandom. It's a tribute to the suburban phenomenon of quarter-circle punches, arcade fights, and sore fingers.

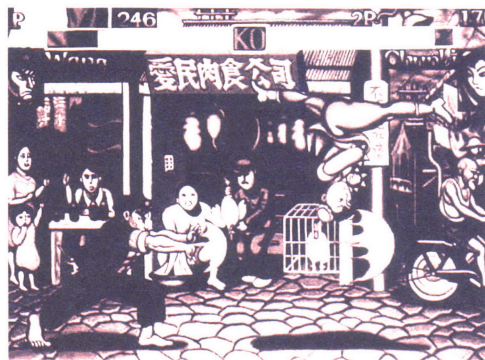




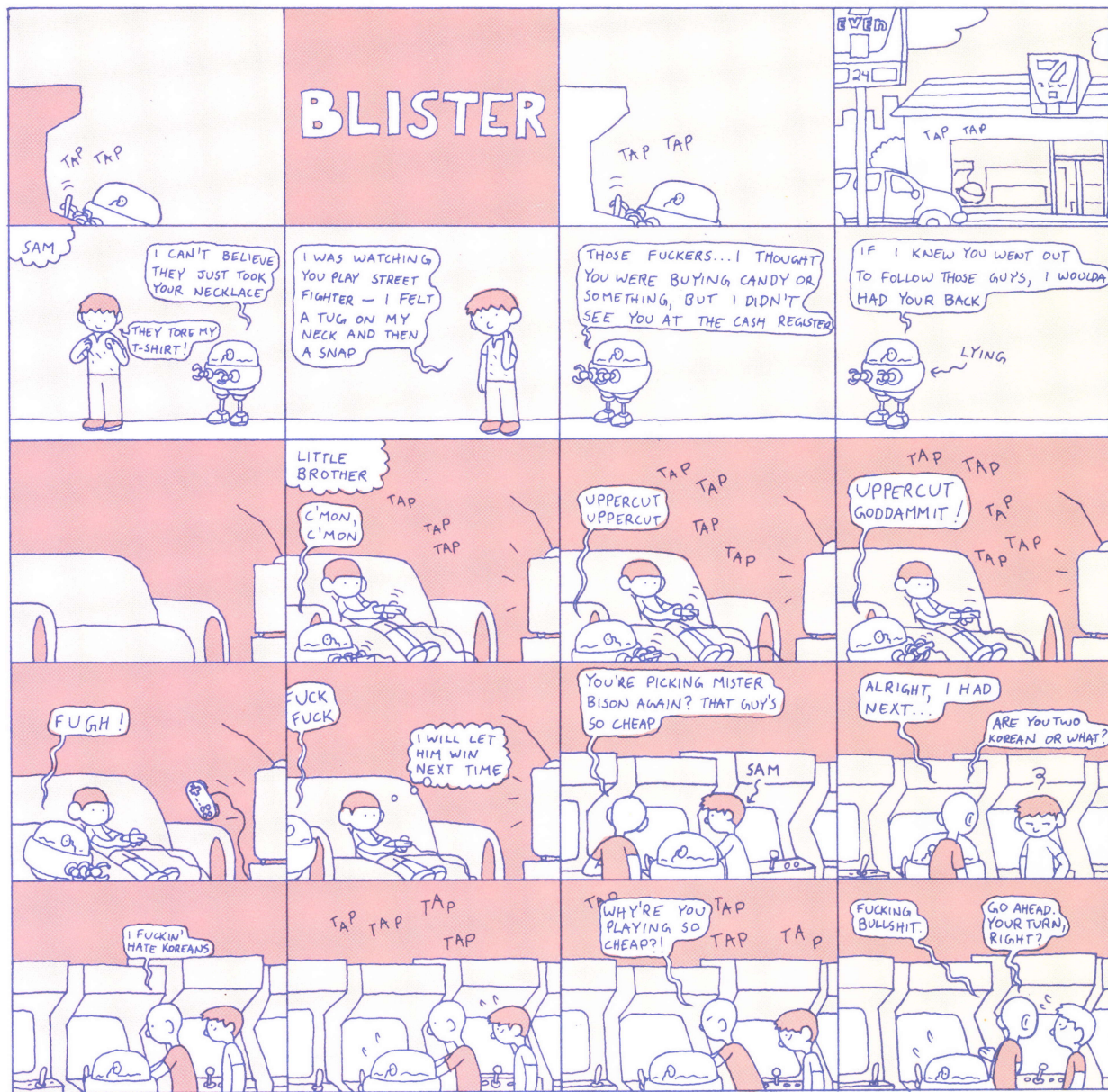
Zangief This is Zangief's second Gold Medal attempt here in the figure skating competition at the Winter Olympics, and it looks as though his 'spinning asshole' move isn't scoring points with the judges.

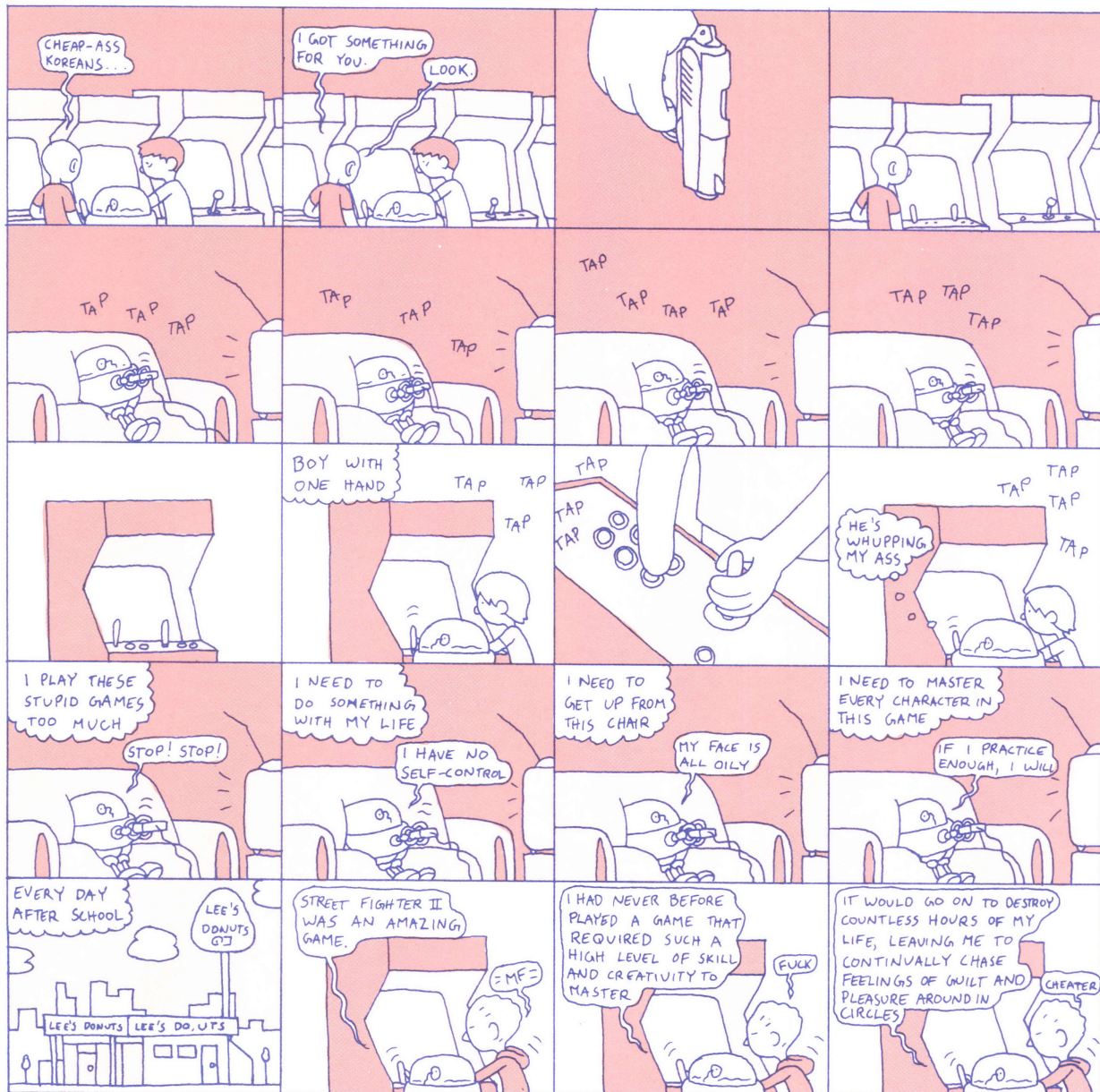
Words cannot effectively describe how much of an ass-clown Zangief is. But let's try to put it in perspective. Imagine, for a moment, that Mr. T is white, doing massive amounts of steroids, hairier than most animals, dumber than a rock, a communist and so slow that he is able to move backwards in time. That's Zangief in a nutshell. I think Zangief takes the cake for the worst special moves in the game. He has his jumping spinning piledriver thing, which does craploads of damage, but is nearly impossible to perform, unless of course, you're a soulless machine that doesn't have to use a controller to do special moves. Then we have the spinning-in-place-with-arms-flailing move, which speaks for itself, and of course, the ace up Zangief's sleeve, the spinning-really-fast-in-place-with-arms-flailing-move. His moves just scream, 'Please kick my ass!'"

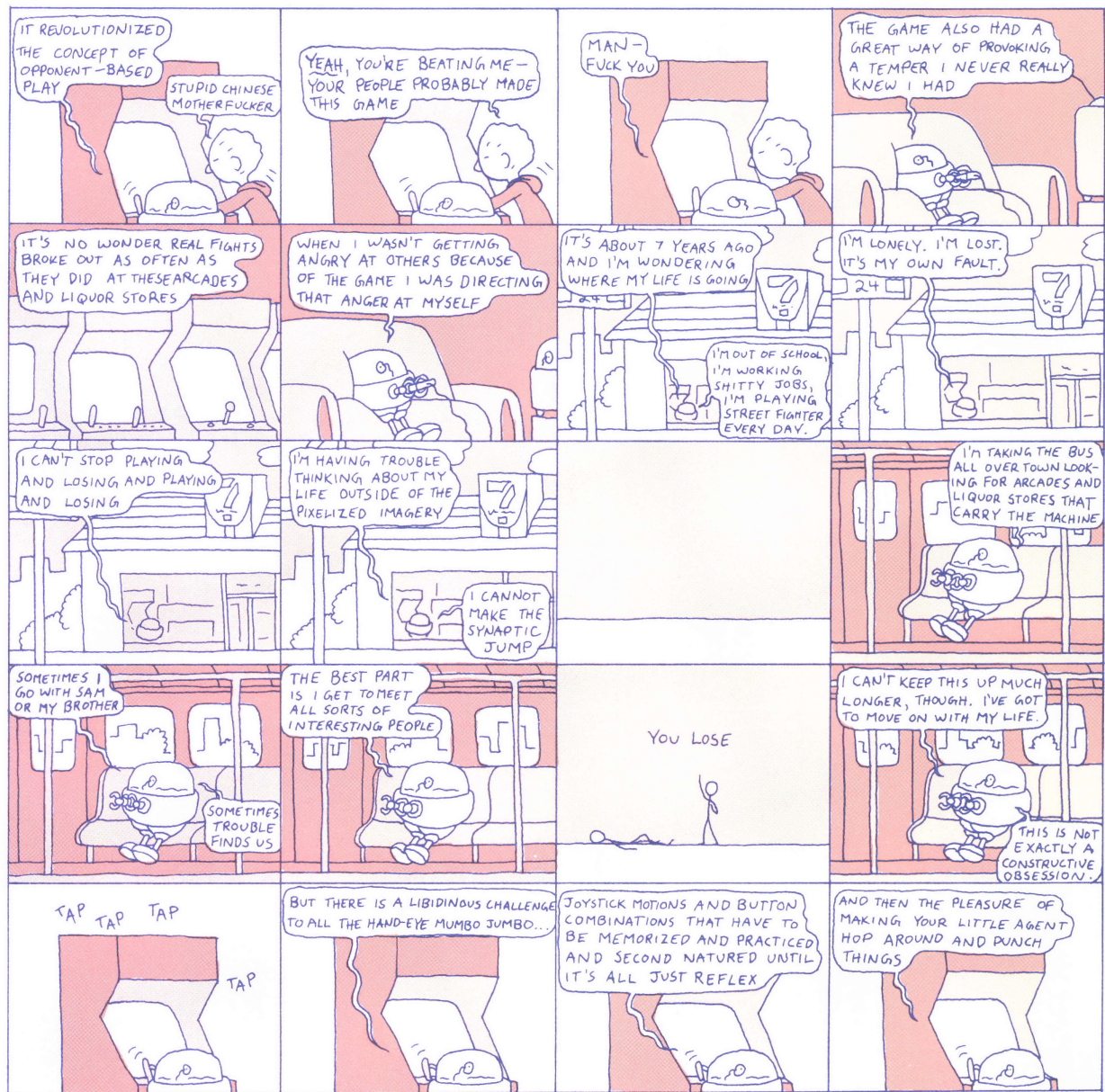
-Excerpted from Z-Man's "Why I Hate Street Fighter"

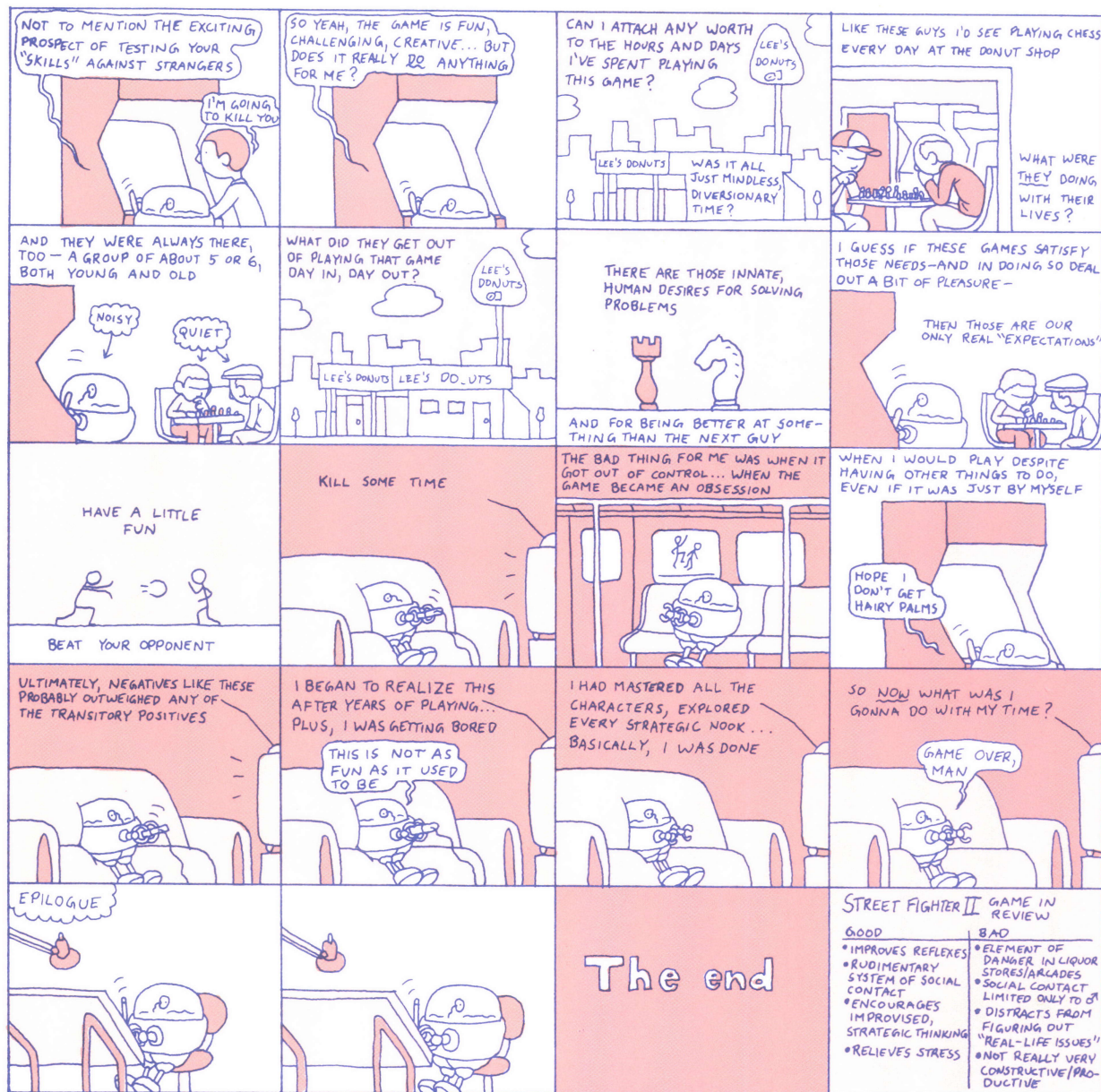


Feng Mengbo
 'Street Fighter IV',
 oil on canvas, 150cm x 200cm,
 1995.









Tales of a Street Fighter 2 Girl Nerd



I Am Chun Li. I Am Ryu. I Am the Hairy Blanka.

Street Fighter 2 absorbs my consciousness, melding with me completely; I breathe in the controls as if they are second nature. When I throw uppercuts and spinning bird kicks, I forget that I am here, and find myself there; the 2 dimensional China backdrop with roadside chickens, in the Guile stage military base, in front of a giant Indian white elephant. For a moment (well, longer than a moment) I believe that Ryu is being overtaken by the shady Guile, and my heart pounds, my fingers move at once, and shit, the fireball didn't come out the way I wanted.

I was one of those nervous *Street Fighter 2* players who knew a few combos and basic cheats but didn't have it all calculated like the virtuosos. I'd be very surprised if all my moves came out as expected. Everyday after school I'd run down to Pizza Hut with Mike, my partner in crime and we'd line up our quarters for "nexts." We'd play with the neighborhood boys, the Asians who drove Hondas and were deeply Christian, boys who would eventually

become pastors and or investment bankers. That was my neighborhood.

Mike and I'd get rides home from Enoch, our *Street Fighter* mentor. He was only a year older, mischievous, funny, and would say things like "Shut the FRONT DOOR!" in a fake rage, then go on explaining the finer points of HaDouKen combos. And he'd offer us pizza. Enoch was also in Model United Nations with us and was the one who started the *Tetris* battles on the long bus rides home from Sanger or Cerritos. He was also a "youth group leader," and like the other Asian Christian boys he went on to a University of California, got married young, and became a man of God. During the summer he let us have our run of his parents' room, using the big screen TV to play a mysterious *Street Fighter* motherboard with arcade-sized controls. He had perfected the deadly Ryu "uppercut," and would go on to euphemistically explain to us that an "uppercut is a walking fireball." If you've never played the game I don't expect "walking fireball" to make



sense, though it made perfect sense to me at the time. Fireball is a quarter circle (see fig 1) starting from the "down" and then to "left" or "right" toward whichever way you were facing. So instead of starting from down, you would tap "left" (or right, depending on your direction) and then "down" quarter circle "left." (see fig. 2). Uppercuts we couldn't really handle, but walking fireballs? They were ok.

It was the early '90s, and I pre-ordered *Street Fighter 2* for SNES. Now I could practice with an unlimited supply of quarters. The mania only got worse. At fifteen, while I pondered boys, clothes, and the PSATs I was mainly preoccupied with the game. I had nightmares about being attacked by the wall-clinging Vega (an evil, vain man) and his freakish metal claw, which was my favorite even though I hated Guile. When I'd play just before bedtime I'd run game scenarios in my head as I went to sleep. I saw only the game when I closed my eyes. The electricity of it all would keep me up all night.

Street Fighter 2 had a way of making me believe in my on-screen personae. People say *Pac-Man* takes you to "the zone," but *Street Fighter* lets you project yourself to a place where you can execute a variety of cool, gravity-defying actions. I am Chun Li! I am Ryu! I am the Hairy Blanka! You believe. I'd over-identify with my avatar, so when I got air-thrown, I took

fig. 1

"Fireball"



To be performed in a continuous sweeping motion

fig. 2

Walking Fireball
(also known as Sho-Kyu-Ken)



it very personally.

At times while playing *Street Fighter* 2, my mind would synced along with my hands. There were moments when the screen executed the exact moves I imagined. This place was beyond hand-eye-mind coordination—this synchronization made the mind and body become greater than the sum of their parts. I felt it take over, and my body jumped with each combo, kick, or block. I physically channeled each blow! Bouncing around in front of the controls, I exerted approximately 5 times as much energy playing as a normal person. I probably looked like an interpretive dancer in front of a stoic robot partner. I'd break into a sweat and have to bandage up those blisters.

Mike and I were studious *Street Fighter* 2 devotees. Ok, we were addicts (if it's not obvious already). While our immediate social clique was the "nerd herd," we would meet kids we'd never talked to at school: the Korean Mafia, off-the-hill kids, and a stocky pair of Vietnamese twins named Isaac and Newton (see [fig.4](#)). The Pizza Hut crowd played with the rule of seconds, an unwritten law that demands that if your opponent is an obviously superior player and is honorable, he/she is obliged to let you win the second round. He/ she must charitably extend your quarter to the third round because it would just be an embarrassment to lose so quickly. If he/she didn't give you seconds, then the player in question

probably cheated and played with Guile anyway. Sometimes Mike and I would get our asses kicked. But mostly Mike and I played each other; sometimes I'd beat him, but he'd often beat me with cheap-ass Guile. Emotions would run high. I'd break out the silent treatment. I'd play to win, then quit, taking it out on Mike. No doubt this had to do with raging hormones and the budding sexual tension between us.

While my game wasn't tournament quality, I could hold my own. I knew my uppercuts and Chun Li head stomps. Being a girl however, I had to be tough. Boys, like in co-ed school sports for example, assume very little of you. They play condescendingly easy. Boys who weren't my friends would play like I was an Easy Out (what boys called girls who were up at bat). On the first round they'd start losing and realize they'd have to play for real. That kind of boy didn't deserve seconds.

I also tried very hard to blend in to the *Street Fighter* crowd, renouncing girlhood tendencies in order to command male respect. Playing with boys, I couldn't be too femme (read: different) or they'd think you were someone's girlfriend. I didn't want to be male either. I learned to move like them, hide my emotions, never complained, resist gloating (though it would eventually shine through), and most of all keep cool. Their world was vastly different than girls', where girls talk emotions, listen to each other, and provide a nurturing environment. Boys are

all about hard glances, shit-talking, and being strong. Because of my gender status, boys would be nice to me, but this made me ambivalent because I didn't want to be treated like I was weaker. *Street Fighter 2* taught me how to deal in a man's world; playing made me realize that while you sometimes have to play by their rules you should never give in.

My girlfriends wanted me to teach them how to fight too. And I did. I was also known as that *Street Fighter* girl. I had heard of another girl who frequented Pizza Hut who could really play, but sadly we never had the chance to meet. My mom was getting pissed that I was spent my money at some pizza parlor filled with boys. But I eventually grew up, went to college, (where I dragged my Super Nintendo and had mini competitions in my dorm room), went out with boys and played less games altogether. *Street Fighter 2*, however, still remains in my memory as one of my fondest gaming moments; lining up quarters on the cabinet screen, waiting my turn.

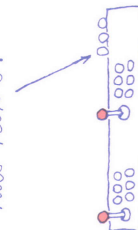
fig. 4

Isaac and Newton



fig. 3

This person has nuts.



Bonus Round

Exploring Lesser Known Permutations of the Street Fighter Universe

Street Fighter II: The Animated Movie

Finally, A Video Game Movie That Doesn't Suck

While Raul Julia and Kylie Minogue made a very lame *Street Fighter 2* live-action film, the superb Japanese anime *Street Fighter II: The Animated Movie* is fun, aimed at fans, and very faithful to the game. It's a gem in an otherwise unremarkable list of game-to-film adaptations. Staying true to the source material, the characters even yell out the names of moves (Chun Li yells "Spinning bird kick!" in her Vega battle scene) and "charge-up" for attacks. A mix of Japanese melodrama, mindless action, and an obligatory doe-eyed kawaii girl, *Street Fighter II: The Animated Movie* is based on a supplemental plot based loosely on the game and comic. The film stars Ryu, Guile, Chun Li, and Ken battling Shadowlaw's M. Bison, who uses his "psychopower" to brainwash various street fighters into assassins.

The film fills in the blanks of the *Street Fighter* universe by showing us what happens between fights. For example, the movie touches on the erotically charged history of lifelong competitors and friends Ryu and Ken. Note the tender scene where Ryu cuts his forehead, and Ken tears a strip from his clothing, wrapping it like a bandage around Ryu's head. The film also features cameos from the bit characters, including Cammy as a Patty Hearst-like assassin, and Vega as Bison's hired hand. Guile is a zealous militant with a soft spot for the muscular-legged Chun Li, who still wears her antiquated *qi-pao*, even outside of battle. The film includes fight scenes in many of the exotic locales featured in the game. Honda, Guile, Ryu, and Ken mindlessly charge Bison head-on, and the powerful Bison keeps on deflecting them like ants. Brawn over brains! With the grunge-inspired soundtrack, *Street Fighter II: The Animated Movie* will please even those who miss 90's alternative rock; keep an ear out for notably cheesy Alice in Chains-like songs during the Ken scenes. -rl



Bang The Machine

Boy-centric Drama, Serious Game Faces

If you've never been able to make it to infamous fighting game convention Evolution, *Bang the Machine* might be just as good. Directed by Tamara Katapoo, the documentary paints a portrait of five *Street Fighter 2* tournament contenders and follows them from regional competitions to the world championships in Japan. It's basically a geekier Rocky, but with a better real-world denouement. *Street Fighter 2* is a subset of game culture that operates on principles like honor, respect, and masochism; more Pac Ten than *Pac Man*. With too many egos and not enough tournament spots, *Bang the Machine* could also be titled "a sociological study of the pecking order of young men;" insults are flung, lines are crossed, and tears are even shed.

Arcade rats appear awkward on camera, but as soon they start talking about their *Street Fighter* histories their enthusiasm shines through. The players' personalities range from humble and intellectual to brash and cocky. The most outlandish being Jason "Apocalypse" Gonzalez, a self-proclaimed bad-ass who memorably claims during a pivotal fight moment, his "pecs flare up, [his] jimmy gets longer." He's quite a contrast to the Ryu-like John Choi (nicknamed "Choi Boy"), whose pragmatic immigrant parents, prototypical Korean-American liquor store owners, don't see the purpose of the game and want their son to get a real job.

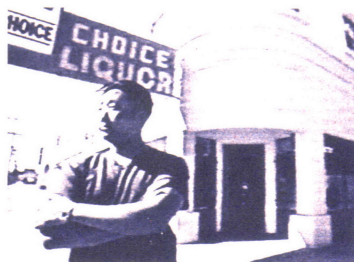
Bang the Machine shows little on-screen fight footage since the gaze is directed the other way. In moments when the camera pans over the glazed faces of the boys mid-game, their expressions are blank, their eyes don't blink, and their mouths remain open. The faces, hiding pleasure and pain, can only be read one way. With this kind of devotion, it's no wonder that tournament rats have little time for girls or anything else. The tone grows somber towards the end, when players plan for life after *Street Fighter 2*. For boys who participate in an esoteric lifestyle that reaps neither monetary rewards nor career advancement, fighting game culture becomes a place where alienated suburban youth can find a like-minded community. *Bang the Machine* is at times compelling and hilarious, and an altogether excellent primer on *Street Fighter 2* tournament culture. -rl



Street Fighter Shampoo

Blanka's Hair Care Problems Solved

Street Fighter shampoo will revitalize your scalp's natural electric glow and improve your fireball accuracy too. Found amongst the fanboy cubicles of the Xbox Nation office. -rl



From top; Alex "Cali Power" Valle wearing a wife beater and looking like he "just came out of a club," John "ChoiBoy" Choi, and someone exercising finger tapping fury.



Ultra Data Cache

A collection of Street Fighter curiosities culled from the all-knowing Internet.

Reprinted from a-diction.com/extra/ultradata.php



This site has some crazy Photoshopped images of Korean people. Including ones morphed into video game and anime characters.



A Balrog graffiti piece from out in Atlanta circa 1994. Artist unknown.



"Allow me to introduce myself. I am a nut for powerful computers that do all sorts of neat things. The picture [sic] picture above shows what I like to see and do. The raytraced picture is something that, given a computer and time you can create very stunning graphics. I also like to play video games, which in the realm of arcades the character above is very well known."

- Nasty Nick



Super Action Series: Street Fighter II

Surprisingly Good Comic

This relatively obscure 8-issue translation of the manga series is as satisfying as it gets for a Street Fighter 2 fanboy. The plot plays off the familiar aspects of the *Street Fighter* story while adding new elements. For example, Ryu is still the wandering, honorable fighter we all know and love, but in the comic he's fighting to raise money for his favorite restaurant. Yes, I know it sounds silly, but it's actually pretty good in an old-fashioned kung-fu movie kind of way. Faithfully rendered by the virtuoso Masaomi Kanzaki, the action sequences sparkle while finding interesting ways to fit all the original characters into the simplistic plot. If you consider yourself a die-hard *Street Fighter* fan, then seek this series out. You won't be disappointed. -jp

Street Fighter Folklore

Stop Us If You've Heard These Before

- At the end of the Bison stage, the old man holding a cane in the background will "come out" and beat you with it.
- Ryu's name is an acronym (R.Y.U.)
- Chun Li can throw her bracelets.
- Bison--there is a secret character in the bell in his stage that will "hatch" after you finish the game a certain way
- Honda can throw someone into the bath in his level.
- Guile actually throws his comb when performing a sonic boom.
- One of Guile's secret moves is to take his comb and beat you with it. -md, jp

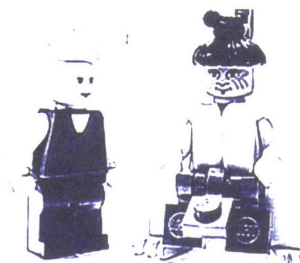




"Sometimes I don't really know what to think of Bison. At first glance, he seems to be nothing more than a Nazi crossing guard. But he supposedly has psychic powers. Right, I almost believe that. Psychic powers my ass. That's just Capcom's way of telling us that M. Bison is a cheap ass bastard..." -Z-man



"Another convention come and gone, and all we have are a few precious memories and a TON of pictures!!!" -Sakura 2000

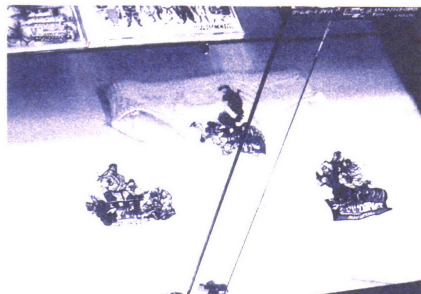


Once again the Japanese go above and beyond. This site features many MANY customized Lego figures of video game and anime characters.

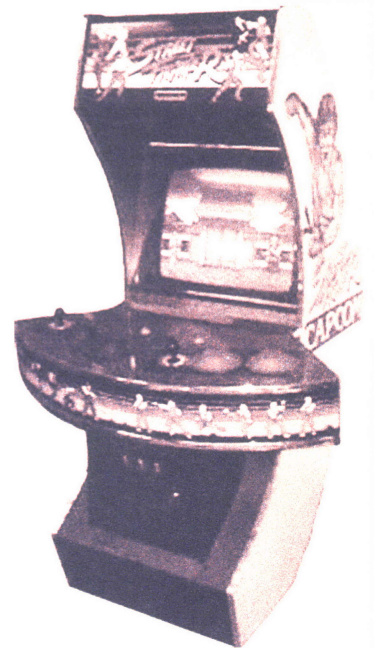
Hi Art, Low Kicks

Celebrating 15 Years of Fighting

The Street Fighter series is enjoying its 15th anniversary this year, and to help commemorate the event, Capcom is holding a gallery exhibit in Akihabara's Asobit City. Of note are examples of the scores of SF merchandise including underwear, Ken Masters phone cards, and the waitresses in full Chun-Li regalia serving chinese meat buns. -jp, rl



The dedicated versions of the game used special pneumatic controls that were connected directly to the game board via air hoses. Depending upon how hard the control was hit, the game would choose the type of hit the player character would perform. These controls wore out or would constantly require adjustment due to abuse.



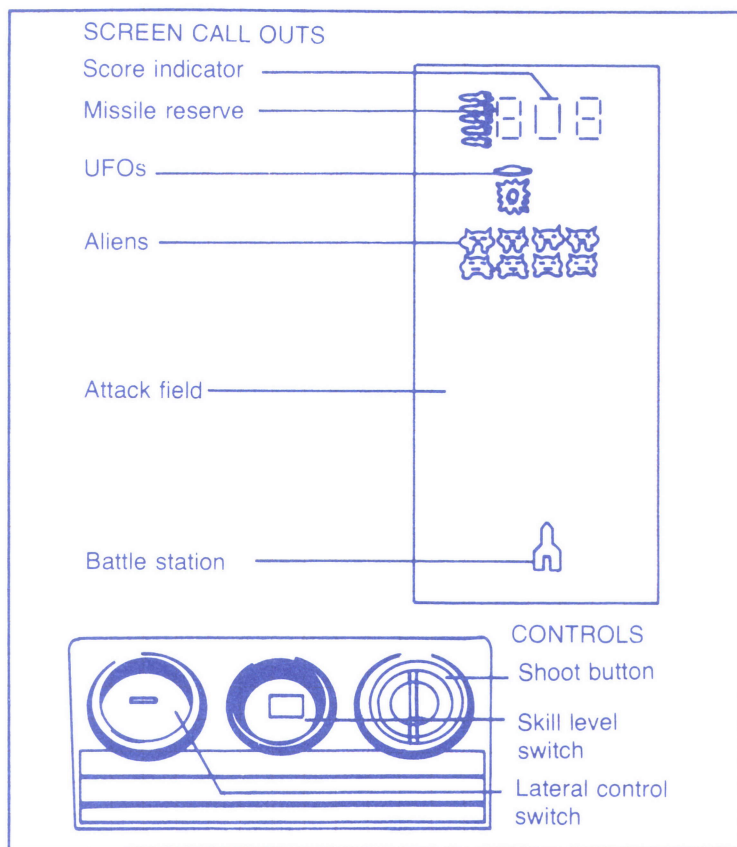
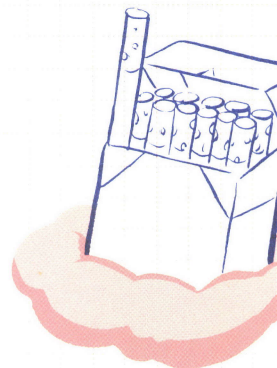


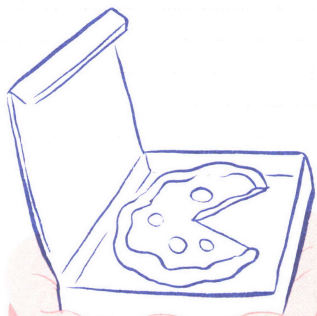
Fig. 7-2. Screen call outs and controls of Cosmic Combat.

GAME WANDERLUST



D.B. Weiss, Author of the World's First Video Game Novel
Lucky Wander Boy, Talks about Obsolete Entertainments and
the Unemulatable

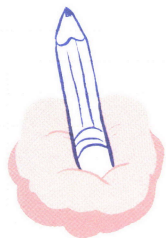
Lucky Wander Boy is the gaming novel that we've all been waiting to read. First-time author D.B. Weiss absolutely nails the lingo and the mindset of obsessed retrogamers, but he also helps recreate the magical weirdness of classic games, and explores how early encounters with an arcade may have shaped the hopes and dreams of gamers.

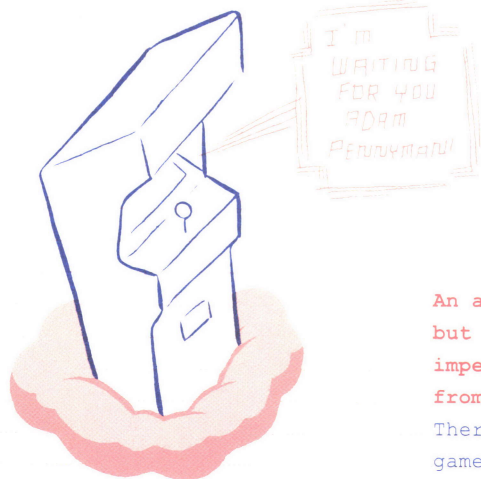


The story begins when our protagonist, an underemployed twenty-something named Adam Pennyman, encounters MAME. It triggers a flood of memories and insights that change the course of his life. Pennyman begins to write an exhaustive Catalogue of Obsolete Entertainments in which he tries to explain the cosmic significance of Frogger and Donkey Kong and Double Dragon. His entries have the scholarly pretensions of a grad thesis and the breathless immediacy of a diary.

Pennyman becomes increasingly unhinged as he struggles to complete an exegesis of Lucky Wander Boy. No one was ever able to beat this obscure and mysterious '80s arcade game. Its unique processor is unemulatable, and there doesn't seem to be any surviving cabinets. As Pennyman digs up clues about the nature of the game, he becomes increasingly convinced that completing its fabled Level III is his reason for being.

I emailed author D.B. Weiss to ask him about games and his book.



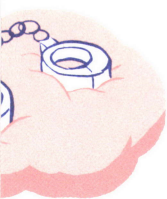


An arcade game like *Lucky Wander Boy* could never actually exist, but at one point you mention Atari 2600 titles *Adventure* and the impenetrable *Raiders of the Lost Ark* as the closest parallels from that time period.

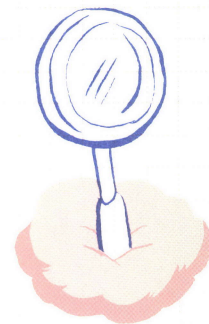
There was an open endedness to those titles that existed in Apple games like *Ultima*, but not in many home console games, and in no arcade games that I can think of. The freedom to wander around forever didn't do much for arcade owners' bottom lines. Once computer and console games got more advanced, of course, this kind of open endedness and invitation to explore started showing up all over the place, especially once *Myst* showed everyone that, done right, it could make you a lot of money. But the exploratory, wandering games shared something important with the science fiction books and stories that inspired so many of them, in that the primary thrill came from sounding out the boundaries of the represented world, figuring out its rules and learning its secrets. The goal (or plot) almost became secondary.

The object of obsession in *LWB* is an obscure game made by an even more obscure developer in Kyoto. What's the mystique of the import game?

There was something about classic Japanese video games that were extremely enticing to me and a lot of other people my age. In retrospect, it was probably the combination of familiarity and utter strangeness, though I obviously wasn't thinking about it in those terms when I was ten. Because in a way, you were looking at your own culture--many of the characters seemed to be represented as white (although whether they seemed this way to the Japanese

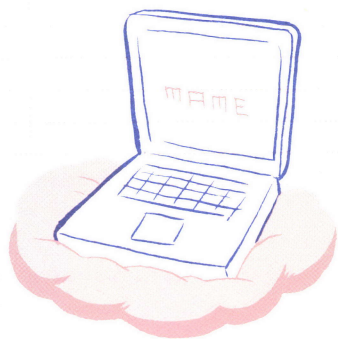


is open to discussion), and many of the situations were familiar--but it was this funhouse mirror vision of your culture, reshaped and reconfigured by a culture that was extremely different beneath certain surface post-war similarities. Add to that the abstraction and surrealism made necessary by technological limitations of all games, and you had something that was irresistible to stimulation-hungry young brains.



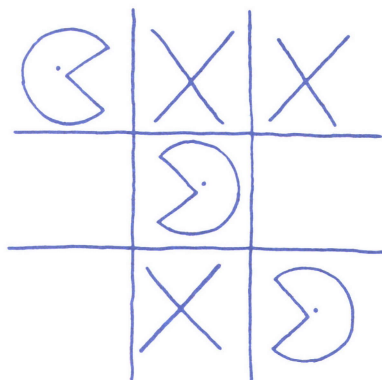
Your protagonist is a bit of a masochist--he's drawn to games that cause frustration and confusion. For him,

playing games is more an ordeal or a rite of passage than a fun pastime. Do you think a memorable game needs to balance pain and pleasure?



Come to think of it, a four-hour *Halo* slaughterfest does mean some pretty sore hands the next day...but the more figurative pain of the unachieved goal, the teeth grinding that comes with the obstacle you can't clear--these are definitely a part of it. It's a delicate balance that designers have to strike: too little frustration is dull and frustrating in itself, seeing as you paid \$50 for the game. But too much frustration is also a problem. I know I'm not the only one who was a little pissed off to find out how few and far between the opportunities to save your game were on *Medal of Honor: Frontline*. I mean, if I play for an hour, I'm killed at the last minute before I can save the game, and that means I have to go through an absolutely identical ordeal for another hour to continue with the game... well, it's a design flaw in an otherwise remarkable game. But back to what we were talking about earlier, with open-ended games... sure, people that don't like being confused at all, ever, are not going to like them. Then again, people who don't like being confused at all, ever, tend not to be all that bright. 🐱





TIC PAC TOE.





This Animal



Life

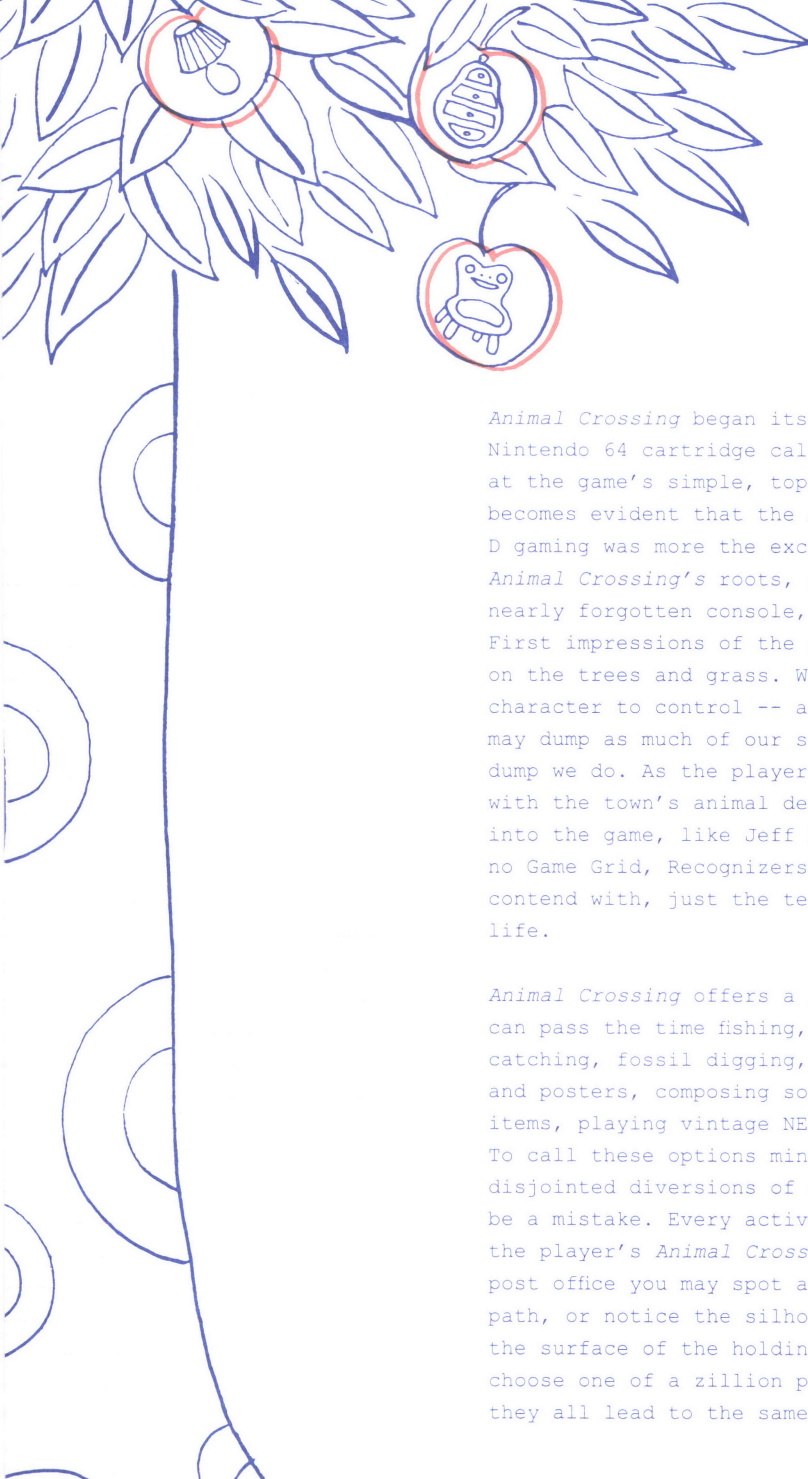
BY

GUS
MASTROPALA

At first the whole affair sounds tedious. You start out flat broke, without a bell to your name. You owe the local landlord obscene amounts of cash. To make ends meet you must resort to hard labor. Picking fruit and fish mongering seem like the only way you can get by. Such is the world of *Animal Crossing*.

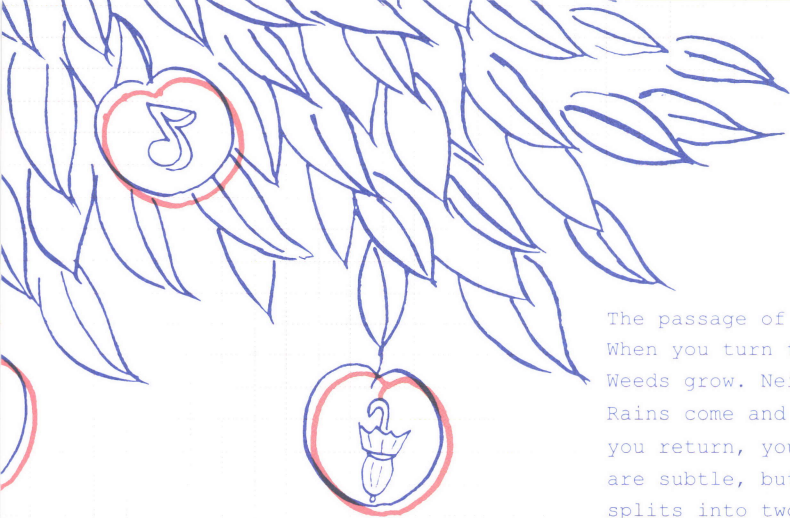
Call it lifestyle gaming. We're not talking about mere diversion, like watching *Changing Rooms* for a couple of hours or twiddling your thumbs while waiting in line at the DMV. *Animal Crossing* is part of a growing number of games that become a part of your life. MMORPGs such as *Everquest* and *Asheron's Call* insinuate themselves into the gamer's life with addictive game play. The gamer kills monsters to gain more experience to become more powerful so he can kill bigger monsters. *Animal Crossing's* appeal is more basic. There's no online component and few opportunities to upgrade. The game relies on its winning traits of variety, customization, and character.





Animal Crossing began its life in Japan as a modest Nintendo 64 cartridge called *Animal Forest*. One look at the game's simple, top down graphical style and it becomes evident that the game comes from a day when 3-D gaming was more the exception than the rule. In a way, *Animal Crossing's* roots, entangled in the circuitry of a nearly forgotten console, work to the game's advantage. First impressions of the game reveal the simple patterns on the trees and grass. We are given a cartoon-simple character to control -- a precocious cipher upon which we may dump as much of our soul as we feel comfortable. And dump we do. As the player begins to form relationships with the town's animal denizens, a part of us is sucked into the game, like Jeff Bridges in *Tron*. But there's no Game Grid, Recognizers or Master Control Program to contend with, just the tedium and wonder of everyday life.

Animal Crossing offers a life full of options. A player can pass the time fishing, sea shell gathering, bug catching, fossil digging, designing clothes, wallpapers and posters, composing songs, writing letters, collecting items, playing vintage NES games or interior decorating. To call these options mini-games and conjure the disjointed diversions of games like *Mario Party* would be a mistake. Every activity is fully integrated into the player's *Animal Crossing* life. While walking to the post office you may spot a butterfly fluttering across your path, or notice the silhouette of a fish lurking beneath the surface of the holding pond. As in real life, you can choose one of a zillion paths, and just like real life, they all lead to the same place--tomorrow.

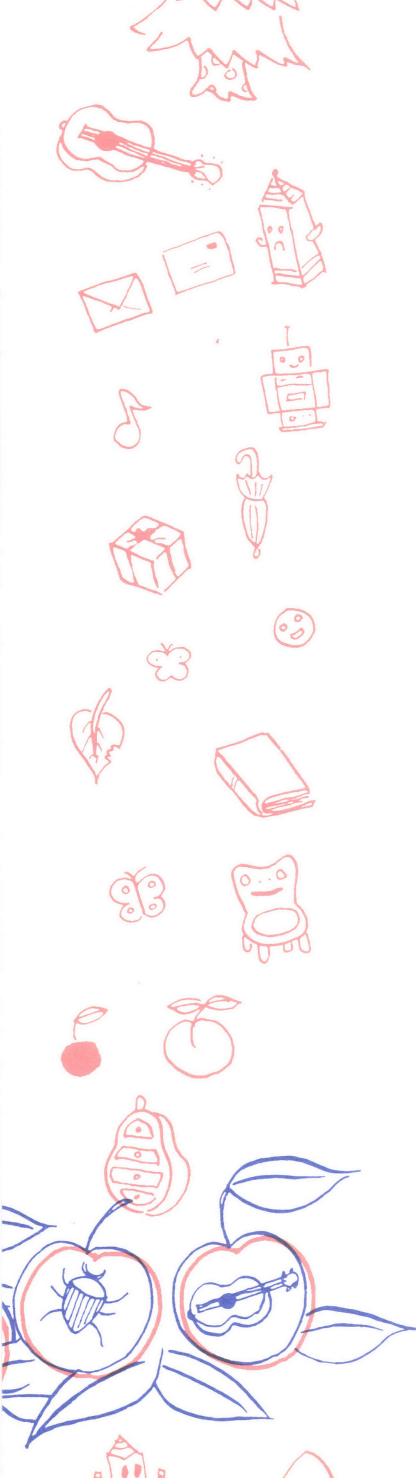


The passage of time is a vital aspect of *Animal Crossing*. When you turn the game off, your town continues to live. Weeds grow. Neighbors move away. Fruit trees blossom. Rains come and go. Letters gather in your mailbox. When you return, your town is a changed place. The differences are subtle, but there. The *Animal Crossing* community splits into two factions with regard to the unceasing march of time. Time Travelers don't accept the restraints of time. If they miss their town's Spring Sports Fair or Thanksgiving festivities, they turn back the clock on their Gamecube and experience the moments as if they'd never passed. Purists let these missed opportunities pass, like leaves floating down stream. Both sides take something valuable from the experience. Time Travelers enjoy the rewind that real-life doesn't afford and gain an appreciation of the moment. The Purists learn to shrug and move on. There's always next year.

Animal Crossing is full of such lessons. Some characters are rude, and sometimes shock the player with insults. Kinder Animals, who take on the feeling of a best friend, often move away, leaving regretful notes and a bare area in the forest grass where their house once stood. Life is full of pain and disappointments, responsibilities and debts. Life is also full of opportunities to express creative urges, laugh and have fun.

My experience with *Animal Crossing* has been unforgettable. My fiancée Alexis and I have visited our town regularly since buying the games. At least six of my friends have played. I've visited their towns, and they've come to mine. On Saturday nights, when K.K. Slider plays his songs near the train station, my neighbor Mike would come over to dig the tunes. Alexis's family embraced the game as well. Her mother, sister





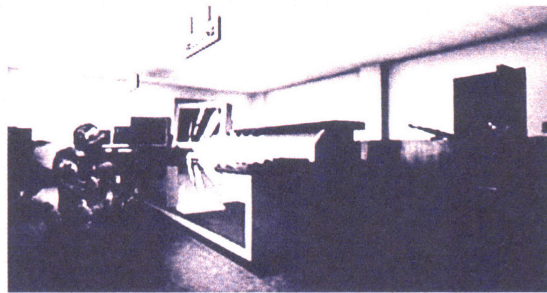
and brother Eamon play. Eamon named his character Ocho, a gentleman he used to crank call when he was a kid. It sounds weird, whole families playing a video game. It's an image that hasn't been conjured since the days of the Atari 2600, when commercials and print ads would portray an ecstatic nuclear family clutching joysticks and beaming at the multicolored blocks that dance on their television screens. Today, it's easy to picture surly teens in Slipknot T-shirts, playing sniping at multicolored Master Chiefs in their bedrooms with friends. But the 21st Century family enjoying console gaming seems unimaginable. It's true though. In newsgroups and on websites there's evidence of fathers and sons playing together and sharing lessons about the fearsome Coelacanth, which can be fished out of the *Animal Crossing* sea. There are housewives, who rule the roost in game the way they do in the home. Girls play. Boys play. And of course, 30-year-old writers play. *Animal Crossing* makes good on the classic board game and toy label. The game really is "fun for all ages."

Animal Crossing was a surprise hit in the United States. The game fit into no known genre. Survival horror, first-person shooter, racing and real time strategy sound like horribly limiting labels after experiencing *Animal Crossing*. Eventually Nintendo dubbed *Animal Crossing* a "communication" game, which sounds a bit like tying tin cans together with string. They latched onto one aspect of the game, because the object of *Animal Crossing* was, like the point of life, too slippery to grasp. *Animal Crossing* is a game you live, not a game you play. The clock is ticking. 🕒



ARMY of NONE

"The Might of the U.S. Army Doesn't Lie in Numbers. It Lies in my Online Avatar."



When it was released in October 2002, *America's Army* was already well publicized by hordes of mainstream journalists who instantly latched on to its juicy ethical implications: Is this simply propaganda? What are we teaching our children? But upon release, the team-based first-person shooter was ultimately met with a communal yawn from the game-playing community. The personal appeal of this title is as impenetrable as anything I've ever tried to understand, but it's intriguing that many gamers, who usually embrace any halfway decent military simulation with a reticle and night vision goggles, largely ignore *America's Army*.

Certainly I can understand the desire to avoid the tactical machinations of games like *America's*

Army. Growing up gay, I've unconsciously made these choices all my life. The decision to avoid little green army men, G.I. Joes, and toy plastic tanks came easily to me. Instead I sought out less masculine permutations of geekery, like superhero comics, sci-fi, and, well, video games. So it was uncomfortable for me to watch my favorite pastimes be overrun with tactical-ops units, circle-strafting squadron after squadron of twitchy-fingered digital commandos, courtesy of countless Tom Clancy-branded games.

I download the free software and start the game. During the signup process, the program asks if I obtained the game from my local Army recruiter. At first I glance over it, then remember that they aren't joking. The U.S. Army is actively

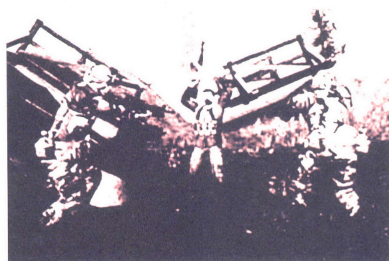
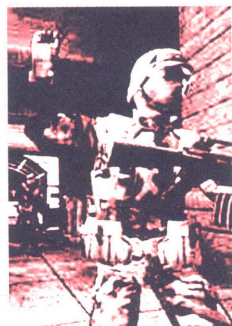
distributing this title as a recruitment tool, and it's certainly the first computer game that the American taxpayers footed the bill for.

Despite this slight point of contention, it's impossible to judge *America's Army* as anything

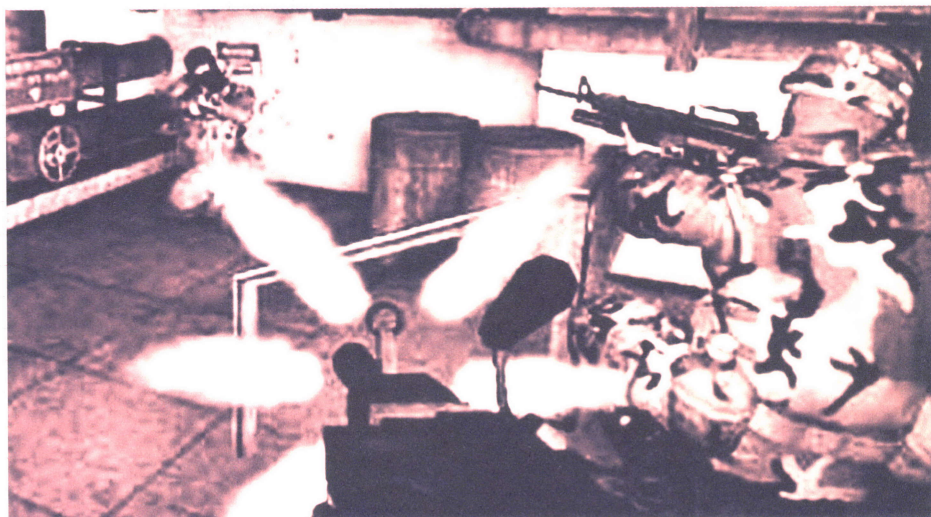
other than a team-based first-person shooting game, because that's exactly what it is. Granted, this particular one includes an impossible-to-skip training mode that hammers home key values of the U.S. Army between tours of the shooting range.

Training consists of several very simple, easy-to-understand assignments, the first of which absolutely confounds me. Drill sergeants direct you to bunkers to practice shooting, and then flunk you if you walk too far past the entrance. I am yelled at for this and other minor





offenses several times before I pass the first training area. Clearly, my natural curiosity won't be an attribute in the U.S. military. Fortunately, the rest of the training goes swimmingly, my favorite episode being a faux covert-ops mission with cardboard cutouts as terrorist stand-ins.



My forays into the actual game missions are less successful. I enter one of the official army servers and choose to play on the defending team. The game map is called "Mountain Pass." It is a beautiful, snow-laced hilly landscape, bisected by a deep crevasse that shallows into a road punctuated

by occasional pine trees and shrubbery. Our goal is to prevent the other team from reaching our convoy of parked army vehicles at the base of the canyon. Most of my nine teammates fan out to hide in the hills surrounding the trucks, crouching down behind bushes to ensure a prime sniping perch. The rest make a determined dash down the road, to confront the enemy head-on.

I quickly fall in behind DeltaBravo2002, a soldier running towards a patch of trees near the first turn in the road. I don't know the terrain which makes the action all the more disorienting. I can hear the rattling of gunfire off in the distance, but the grayish fog that surrounds us makes it impossible to tell where the noises are coming from. My teammate hunkers down behind a bush, then writhes awkwardly into a prone position. I hurry to do the same, frantically searching for the right letter on my keyboard to activate "crouch" mode.

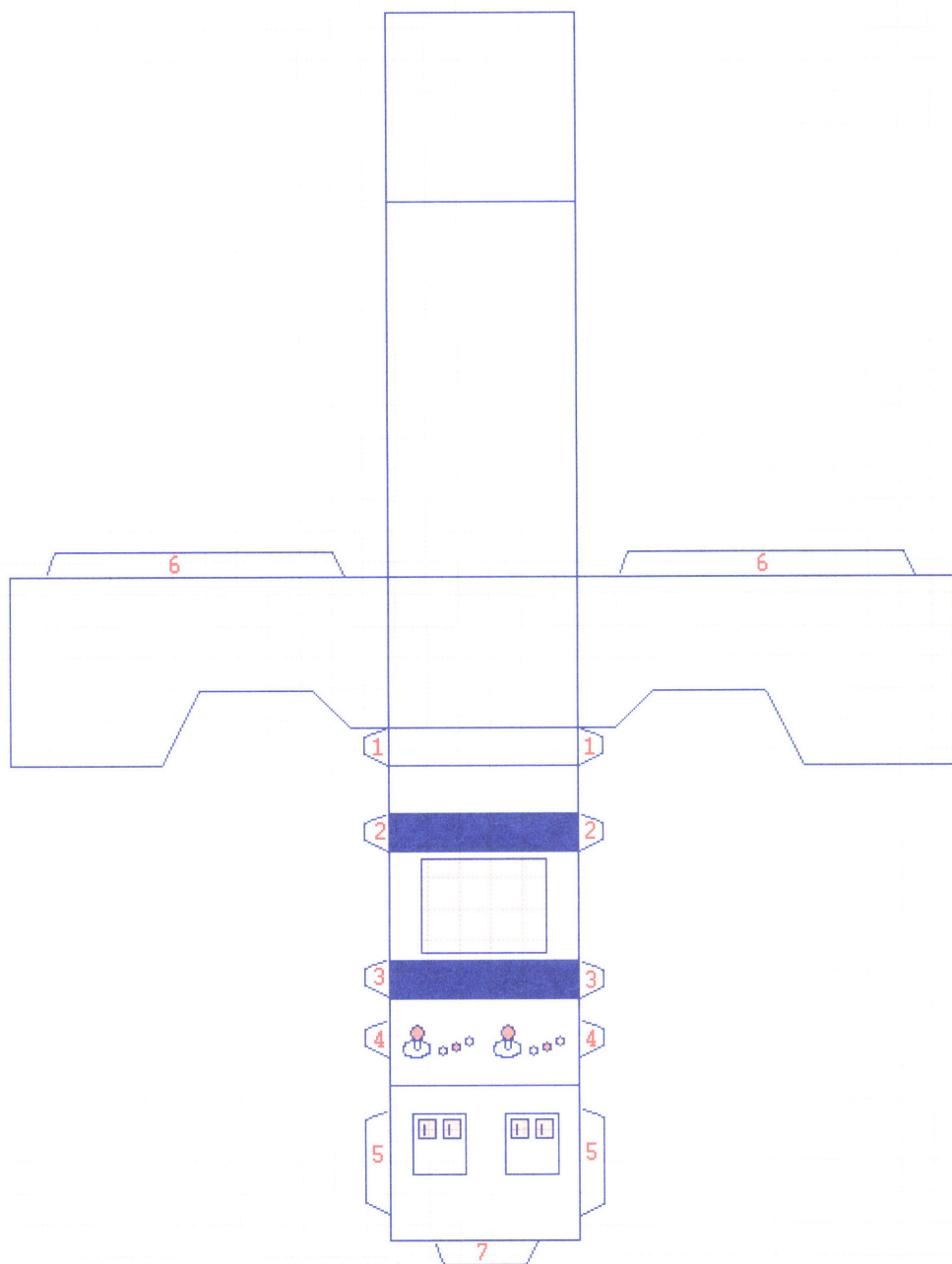
Suddenly, a bullet whizzes past me, and through DeltaBravo2002. I pan over to see him slumped over, sprawled out on the ground

like a sound sleeper. Momentary panic grips me as I look back towards the road to see his assailant, running towards over the icy road. Somehow, I manage to remember to take myself out of crouch mode before dashing towards the enemy, firing in his general direction. I smile as I imagine my character screaming, "DELTABRAVO2002! NO!!!" before finally receiving a hail of bullets that send me to the ground.

Once you've been "killed" in *America's Army*, you have to wait for the next round in order to play again. This sort of realism is intriguing, but also makes for some dull downtime. When I do finally get back in the game, I find myself repeating the same patterns with incremental variations, like Bill Murray's character in 1993's *Groundhog Day*. I have a limitless amount of chances to get it right, but somehow I never do. Usually, I follow other players around and wait out the clock, or make an attempt on the enemy and get killed right away. The excitement and energy of *America's Army* come mostly from not knowing what to do; from the tingly mixture

of excitement and fear one gets before they become too entrenched.

My playtime with the game doesn't last very long after that realization. Although I enjoyed *America's Army* more than I expected to, it has become apparent that the military life isn't a fantasy I want to live out anytime soon. I pack up my camouflage and head for less grown-up diversions, like the stack of other video games I haven't gotten to yet. 🎮

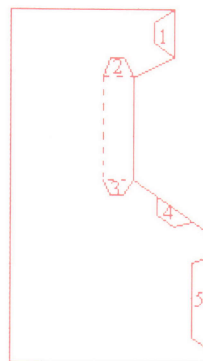
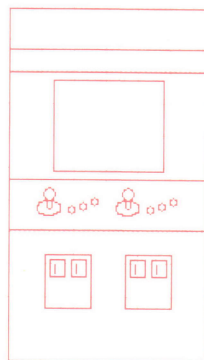
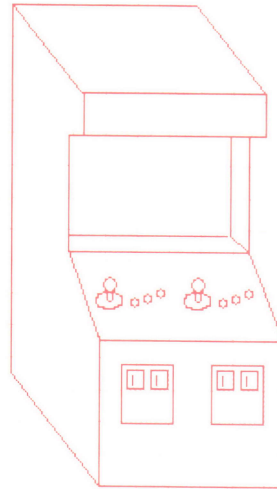


The Graph Paper Arcade

By Eben Miller

Instructions:

1. Cut out entire model along the outline. Don't cut the numbered tabs!
2. Fold model along lines, including the lines of the numbered tabs.
3. Glue tabs to their corresponding numbers, in numerical order. The arcade looks best if you attach the tabs to the interior, so that the tabs aren't visible on the outside. Note that the black bars fold in to face each other, making the screen "sink back" within the machine. 🖨



Ethnic Cleansing is Not a Game



Ethnic Cleansing: The elimination of an unwanted group from a society, as by genocide or forced migration. -Merriam-Webster's Dictionary

Every video game is a universe governed by a set of rules that players must obey, or at least be affected by, before they ultimately win or lose. Any hacker worth their salt can edit, mod a video game, rework it to reflect their own desires, goals, and values. Multi-billion dollar corporations produce games that simulate worlds of car theft, medieval battle and action puzzles. It only takes a handful of anti-Semitic white supremacists to create a game that recreates racial genocide.

Recently, I was disturbed to discover a first person shooter called *Ethnic Cleansing*. The game is distributed by the Aryan record label Resistance Records, who in turn are owned by the National Alliance (the largest active Neo-Nazi organization in North America). Resistance Records cites a song entitled "Angry Aryans Miscegenation" as one of their crowning achievements. With its unabashed nativist sentiment and cast of Klansmen, skinheads, and other perpetrators of loathsome hate crimes, the game should have been titled *Racial Genocide on Non-Whites of America*.

The goal of *Ethnic Cleansing* is to "take back" America from non-Aryans, by shooting and torturing Jews, blacks, and immigrants. "Celebrate Martin Luther King Day

with a virtual Race War!" The game's programmers thoughtfully included "realistic negro sounds" by piping the noises of primates into the soundtrack. Klansmen also provide nooses. Amidst the backdrop of gunfire, the game's radio air promo reads: "Is multiculturalism making you sick? Are blacks taking over your town? What you need is *Ethnic Cleansing*. Black drug dealers (SFX: Machine Guns) no problem! Illegal aliens, no more, when you have *Ethnic Cleansing: The Game*."

Words like *Ethnic Cleansing* should never be followed by the words, "the game." The phrase conjures images of Bosnia, Hitler, and the plight of Native Americans, not to mention the ideas of genocide, racism, hate crimes, and colonialism. The fact that *Ethnic Cleansing* could, in fact, be the title of a game forces me rethink what makes a game; a self-contained universe that perpetuates values, goals and rewards. Each time I pick up a game, I am immersed in a new world with its own rules and order. In *Halo* I become an inter-planetary Marine whose goal is to annihilate the Covenant Armada. In *Animal Crossing*, I get caught up with the consumerist values of collecting matching furniture and earning bells. I assume that while playing *Ethnic Cleansing*, the player's objective



is to execute the agenda of the National Alliance – to destroy everyone and everything that threatens white, Neo-Nazi masculinity.

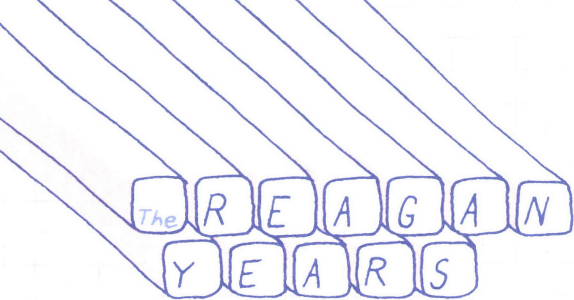
Because of their ability to immerse the player, video games effectively and instantly communicate values. Players obey rules and strive toward goals to progress in a game. While Mario games make a goal of acquiring coins in order to earn extras lives, *Ethnic Cleansing* rewards the murder of grotesque non-white, black, and Jewish caricatures. The National Alliance game world is one of white-supremacist genocide and colonialism, and harkens back to the long-dead spirit of Hitler.

Resistance Records receives loads of hate mail, but their die-hard supporters still revel in virtual hate. "This game is just what the white teens of the world need... I LOVE IT!!" says one fan. I contemplated buying a copy to review, but could not bring myself to order the game and, in turn, support the National Alliance. I thought about sending them hate mail but they didn't succeed in riling me up quite that much.

Like mainstream mediums such as film, television, and the Internet, gaming is an influential cultural outlet where values

of hate and intolerance can be perpetuated. Like those mediums, gaming is also a form of communication where liberating, anti-racist and feminist values can be spread, and better yet, experienced. For those who want to make a difference in the war against hate, I suggest they embrace the do-it-yourself ethic and hack *Ethnic Cleansing* back into a decent game. 🦾





1-UP Profiles an Arcade for the Ages.

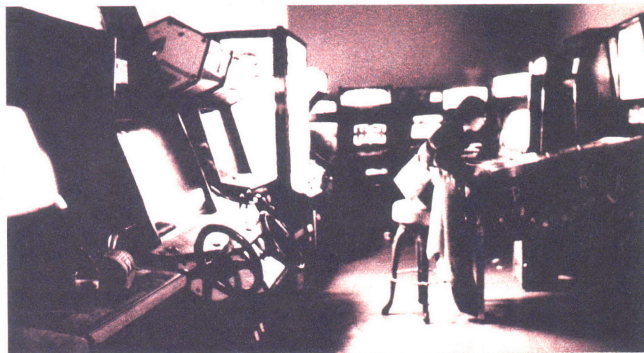


Fullerton, California: Tucked within the sleepy college town of Fullerton and one exit shy of Disneyland, lays an oasis of classic video game lovin'. The Reagan Years is a totally '80s arcade fitted with over forty old-school games that will leave your pockets empty. It's the kind of place you'd expect to see a washed-up Corey Haim or Feldman leaning against the pristine, 3D *Asteroids* machine. The Reagan Years rules!

The antiquated machines glow under the bluish tint of black lights, arcade marquees, and CRT screens. Tom Selleck, Simon LeBon, and New Edition stare down at me from the walls. On the outside glass is a cartoon rendering of our former, pro-video game


president rocking to a game cabinet. The coin machines cough up genuine '80s currency — tokens with Ronnie's crusty face on one side. Reagan once said, "watch a 12-year-old take evasive action while playing *Space Invaders* and you will appreciate the skills of tomorrow's pilot." I think of this while I take controls of my X-Wing. Hmmm, tomorrow's pilot.

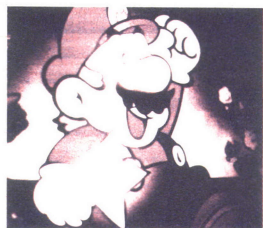
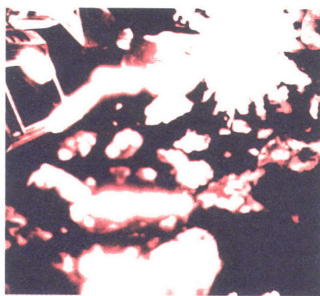
The small arcade packs the well-maintained titles into two rooms, but the games have a moderate turnover rate since most of them are for sale. The collection is unmatched anywhere in Southern California. They have a holographic *Asteroids*, a beautiful *Super Mario Brothers* Pinball game,

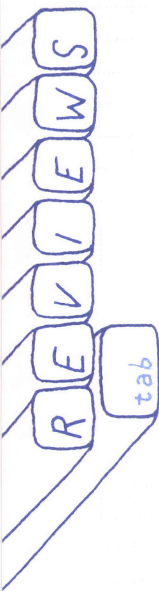


a dual-joysticked *Tank Assault*, and *Jungle Hunt*, just to name a few. The volume is punched up on all machines, especially *Gorf*. Although I suck at this mish-mash of *Galaxians* and *Space Invaders*, the sounds of digitized terror blast from either side of me. A robotic voice yells, "Prepare!" It is a truly inspirational and terrifying gaming moment.

College kids mill in and out, as well as vagabond types who seem infected with something other than *Pac-Man* fever. An older man finger-checks all the coin return slots, looks at me and averts his eyes. I play *Tron* while a sleaze who reeks of B.O. and booze starts playing the game next to me. I hold my breath and quickly end my game. Could these guys be old juvenile delinquents who never left the arcade?

The Reagan Years is connected to The Hub, a café that showcases local bands and art. You can get a cup of Joe before returning for more arcade action. If you're in Orange County, The Reagan Years is well worth the short side trip. As time wears on, these amazing machines are slowly wearing out—so check them out while you can. Bring your dollars and best strategies. Pegged pants optional. 





Figurine, *The Heartfelt*
(March)

In *The Heartfelt*, Figurine somehow manages to glamorize a romantic relationship that takes place over AOL Instant Messenger. "IM me if you care/IM so lost without you." In the end, you don't care that the lyrics are awful because the accompanying music (synth pop with breakbeats) is so good. "Our Game (Is Over)" tells the tale of a doomed relationship between a boy and a girl that met at an arcade. If a 1-Up reader can't appreciate this album, I don't know who the fuck would. -jk

Har Mar Superstar, *s/t*
(Kill Rock Stars)

Kill Rock Stars released a contemporary R&B album a while back by Har Mar Superstar, who sounds like Stevie Wonder with over-sexed lyrics like Prince. He is fucking hilarious; in "Baby, Do You Like My Clothes", he talks about a fashion faux pas girlfriend who he'd prefer to see naked instead of wearing her "Hypercolor pants from TJ Maxx." I haven't grooved to A Cappella since my Boyz II Men days but Har Mar's final track had me captivated by harmonized vocals and finger-snapping like it was 1991. -jk

Mr. Mixel Pixel, *Mixel Pixel*
(Mental Monkey)

A band of robots escaped from their mad scientists masters and decide to make music! That's what Mixel Pixel sounds like, especially when robots pick up guitars, a Mini-Moog, and an organ to play some folktronica. The track "Charlie 5000" is hilarious, especially since on enhanced CD it comes with a home movie of the band members with their homemade robot. -rl

The Intima, *Peril & Panic*
(Slowdance)

Peril & Panic is worth looking into if you've ever wondered what the cross between a frantic, Eastern European string quartet and punk rock band would sound like. This music has a quick, urgent beat; many songs are composed with a complexity that rivals a piece of classical music. The Intima might be too profound and challenging for everyday listening and probably lends itself better to a live show where the volume is pumped up full blast. -jk

Mz. Pak Man, *Oh Shit, It's Mz. Pak Man!*
(Skankville)

Somewhere in Williamsburg a girl gang of Mz. Pak Mans is chomping up the town. Mz. Pak Man has taken all the power ups! Mz. Pak Man has stolen the best fruit! Comic artist Abby Denson's minor-chord-playin' garage rock band steps up with plenty back-talking attitude. Mz. Pak Man has a hint of Emily's Sassy Lime and Bratmobile, but with more waka waka sound bites. -rl

Prefuse 73, *One Word Extinguisher*
(Warp)

Scott Herren makes electronic sound collages that kind of remind you of any recording artist from the Warp Records stable, but he's definitely got his own thing going on. The melodies and samples are all over the place genre-wise (from hip-hop to soul to electro), but it all melts together effortlessly. I would recommend just sitting and listening to this whole CD straight through, as there are no clear-cut "songs" or standout tracks--just moments that kind of happen, and then are gone. -kh

The Felt, *Absolute Classic Masterpieces*
(Cherry Red)

As the seminal indie pop band of the late '70s and early '80's, the Felt influenced Belle and Sebastian, the Lucksmiths and Pulp among others. They make folk-pop with a new romantic touch and incorporate what sounds like a darker, sped up version of the twangy steel guitar used by Patsy Cline. Some of the tracks on *Absolute Classic Masterpieces* sound dated (like the bad, eighties soundtrack to a Mickey Rourke film), but at their best they conjure up a sunshine-y sadness that leaves you torn between smiling and wanting to cry. -jk

Push Button Objects, *Dirty Dozen*
(Chocolate Industries)

Push Button Objects is a hip-hop guy that remixes Autechre. The results of his album, *Dirty Dozen*, are interesting, but contain less of the hip-hop elements than I was anticipating. Most of the album sounds like samples recorded on the Ford Motors assembly line looped over and over again. The best pieces are inflected with hip-hop or drum and bass. I'm shelving this album next to Aphex Twin for music I listen to when I feel like I want to do something good for my ears. -jk

Kitchen Sink, #2

Kitchen Sink teems with intelligent essays about everything from music to relationships interspersed with a few poems and some artwork. I can't pinpoint the theme, but almost every story in *Kitchen Sink* was something I wanted to read; like why "staying together" is the new "breaking up," or one feminist gal's confession of her love for cock-rock kings Led Zeppelin. This rare publication accompanies it's writing with fine illustrations and comics. -rl

Let's Make Muffins

Fucking hilarious! Miss Muffin Maker fills her first personal zine with stories about working as a museum guard, giving birth to abnormal tissue clumps, fanny pack wearers and the strange phenomenon of "evil cute." Also included is carefully paper-clipped "to do list" which includes "pay BMG debt." The zine's multiple acetate, rub-on covers are decorated with polar bears, a calculator and a Korean grandma. Write clubturtlepower@yahoo.com to order. And don't forget to ask what a Muffin Maker is. -rl

3 A.M.

3 A.M. is an amazing, personal zine printed the ol' fashioned way - with cut up Xerox copies, nostalgic photos and a cover printed on map paper. Inside is emotionally charged writing about a cross-country road trip, finding your place and buses. It's alternately suicidal and beautiful - filled with skyscrapers and travel. Lisa Mancini, P.O. Box 14237, Berkeley, CA 94712 newwaverevolution@hotmail.com. -rl

punkpunk #3

These are 8-bit-sized, handmade mini-zines (we mean super-small). Punkpunk #3 is perfectly packaged, hand-printed and comes in a neat, little hand-sewn bag. These kids have a thing for Japanese Dollhead dolls! They interview the Dollhead creator and an antique store owner. The little books make great objets d'art. www.punkpunk.net. -rl



The American Girl #3

Vacation in Asia. I haven't seen the previous zines, but this it's probably the heartiest \$2 zine out there. It's a 100-page, choose-your-own journey through Asia! Depending on what you fancy, readers can travel through Hong Kong, Ho Chi Minh or Hanoi. It's a girl's wild ride through the East. Sara, P.O. Box 190054, San Francisco, CA 94119. -rf

Hello World

It's another comic puzzle from the genius of Jason Shiga — a former math major who mixes innocent, iconic drawings into a maddening matrix of probability. *Hello World* is Shiga's most mammoth work to date — over 500 pages bound in a spiral "barn door" format (you follow the top half on a separate path than the bottom). It's a "Choose Your Own Adventure" story that lets you pick "weapons" along the way! Frightening, absorbing and totally impossible to solve. -rf

Microblast

Microblast, the comic-zine made by Daniel Moynihan of Massachusetts, is sweet, funny and recommended for cat lovers and fans of Dave Kiersh and John Porcellino. You get a fuzzy feeling when you read these light-hearted stories of high school drama, the first time Daniel discovered American Indie pop and Moishe the cat. -rf

Avatars Offline

We usually associate role-playing games with kids who wear Coke bottle glasses, read Tolkien, and keep 12-sided die in their pockets. Pen and paper games like *Dungeons & Dragons* informed text-based adventures, which themselves were the progenitors of the massively multiplayer online role playing games of today. With millions around the world playing *EverQuest*, *Ultima Online*, *Asheron's Call*, and in Korea, *Lineage*, role-playing has not only become a big business but a convergence of social networks undeterred by physical space or appearance. In other words; RPGs aren't just for geeks anymore.

Enter *Avatars Offline*, the documentary by Daniel Liatowitsch that takes a look at the culture of MMORPGs (Massively Multiplayer Online Role-Playing Games) and the evolution of role playing, from *Dungeons & Dragons* to *Star Wars Galaxies*. It demystifies the overlooked and nerdy subculture, and provides insight into the ways gaming influences the offline world. With commentary from designers, academics, and gamers, *Avatars* is the first feature-length work on the subject and answers burning questions such as who put the crack in *EverCrack* and is it possible to find a soul mate online?

The PBS quality *Avatars* is a more scholarly *Trekkies* with less of the freak factor. Footage of fan fairs includes interviews with gaming experts and the first couple to be married in *EverQuest*. *Avatars* starts off with a definition its title, a term which before the recent game explosion was only used by obscure academics. Interviewees talk about the pleasure they find in the process of reinventing their identity by way of virtually reconstructing

gender, class, and physique. The film makes you marvel at the promise of avatar identities and the potential freedom they offer to explore fantasy situations. Who needs to be chained to the physical? *Avatars* illustrates that the overlap of the virtual and the real is a very complex space.

Another highlight of the film is a tour of the eccentric home of Richard "Lord British" Garriott, creator of the *Ultima* series. His home Britannia, a lavish hi-tech medieval castle, is the obvious product of a role player with too much money. Lord British owns an impressive collection of medieval artifacts and weaponry (think *Gauntlet*), including an "authentic" monster killing kit, replete with sharpened stake and silver bullets.

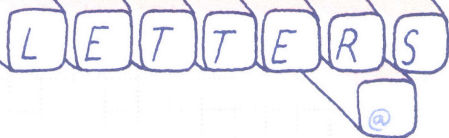
The most poignant footage, however, comes in the personal interviews with gamers whose social lives have been deeply affected by the online world. Some players describe their time online as a casual diversion; others a drug-like addiction. One woman had a friend who quit his job to play *EverQuest* full-time. One gamer notes that certain games are designed to be played for hours at a time, making "in-and-out gaming" impossible. Another woman speaks wisely of failed flings prompted by online flirtation.

The film makes you wonder about the amount of time you've spent online and how it compares to "real life." *Avatars Offline* is filled with useful life lessons both online and off and offers a genuine resource for who want to learn more about the online side of the gaming lifestyle. -rf



Left: Lord British and "authentic" vampire killing kit. Below: an elvin Everquest player.





Pong Slumber Party

Howdy! I just read issue #2 today and loved it! I wouldn't say I'm really a game freak but I just have lots of random memories from years past, like sleeping over my friend's house and playing *Pong* ALL NIGHT LONG! Isn't that what all girls do at sleepovers? ...What, they don't?!

Rob

Tapper

I just wanted to say I loved the zines and my friend Peter did as well. Very much so. It's funny because he runs a ritzy wine bar in Portland with my roommate who is also a gamer and they apparently would take turns reading the stories to each other behind the bar. ha. Thanks again for doing cool stuff.

Ezra Clayton Daniels

South Dakota Vidkids Wanted

I think that your views on video games and the gaming industry are a breath of fresh air. I live in South Dakota... I know what your thinking and yes it does suck to live here... anyways, there aren't very many gamers that follow and love video games as much as I do. I try to find gamers that have the same views as I do on different forums and whatnot but to little

success. Thanks and keep up the great work!

Evan Caron

A Simulation of Something that Never Existed

Great zine! I picked it up at Quimby's here in Chicago. It was recommended by the woman who works there. Keep up the good work!

Can you define the expression "Baudrillard simulacra" please? Are you an English prof or something?

Jeremy Kitchen

(Yes. -ed.)

Activisionist

Hey, I met your old classmate Kevin Ito a few days ago. I didn't realize he was going to be shorter than me. He asked what you were up to and I told him you were a video game activist. I have no idea why I said that.

Julie Kim

Actrees/Musician/Gamer?

Your zine is really remarkable. It's nice to see a publication by video game enthusiasts. Isn't it sad how the arcades are dying? The feature on video game cinema of

the 80s was really great. Do you remember that movie, it may have been late 80s, called *The Wizard*? Fred Savage's prepubescent love interest is in a band now called Rilo Kiley and I thought maybe you'd like to know that sort of thing...

Jon

(So Jenny Lewis from Rilo Kiley and the Postal Service, a favorite at 1-Up headquarters, played the game coach in The Wizard? Wasn't she also in Troop Beverly Hills? -ed.)

Video Game Zine, Okay?

Excuse me, but I still don't understand what *1-Up* is all about. I've seen segments of it on G4 and I'm not sure what it was trying to imply. Does it mean that it puts the reader in his/her own cyber realm? Or the author(s)' own narrative? Does it have story and characters? I thought this was a good way of innovating proportions of videogames. Thanx and please keep up the good efforts!

Anjiro



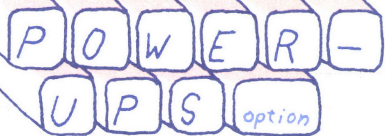
Glossary

- ace**- video game expert
- automated extremity**- robot arm
- basic**- language spoken by home computers
- bleeding**- what happens to supernumerary elements on overloaded screen; they bleed to another quadrant
- bleeping sickness**- nightmares brought about by playing too many video games
- bottling out**- chickening out
- counting**- technique in *Space Invaders*; you count shots to score extra points on Saucers
- dedicated**- not to be reprogrammed
- Fatboy**- big saucer in *Asteroids*
- humanoid**- power-pack in *Defender*; also someone who hangs around arcades
- hyperspace**- warping to another quadrant
- learning the board**- getting the hang of a machine
- lemon**- the muncher in *Pac-Man*
- loop**- repeated execution of series of instructions
- lurking**- technique in *Asteroids*; you hang around waiting for Pimples (note: not possible in *Asteroids de Luxe*: Pimple's first photon will destroy last boulder)
- microworld**- autonomous world of individual computer
- munching**- point-eating in *Pac-Man*
- pimple**- small saucer in *Asteroids*
- poke**- instruction allowing you to store integers in a specific place in memory
- rack**- a wave or "sheet" of aliens
- Space Avenger**- the highest rank in *Gorf*
- vidkid**- a young video addict
- wraparound**- capability of leaving screen and coming back the other side

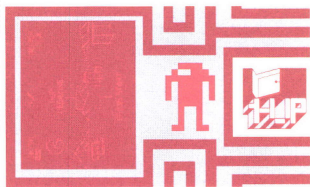
(from *Invasion of the Space Invaders* by Martin Amis)

Kim Soo-hwan, a 28-year-old man who plays seven to eight hours of *League of Legends* each day, sometimes finds the online world more rewarding than the real one. "Once you are into it, you just can't be bothered to show up for appointments," he said.





Our Guide on How to Get Totally Video-Gamed Out



Issue 1

\$7 ppd

The debut issue includes a feminist reading of *Um Jammer Lammy*, "Arcadeploitation Films of the 80's," "How Tetris Saved My Mind," rules on arcade etiquette, "Pac-Mom" comic by Martin Cendreda and more. Each issue is handmade with a silkscreened cover too.

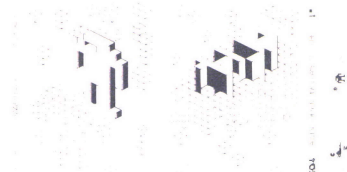


T-Shirts

\$18 ppd

Featuring Olive on the NES 1's and 2's, the 1-Up t-shirt pays homage to the lightening fast reflexes of game geeks and turntablists alike. Boys M, L, and XL, in Dark Blue Girls M/onesize, in Dark Blue and Brown.

Please send orders to orders@1up-zine.com
P.O. Box 361135 Los Angeles, CA 90036



Issue 2

\$7 ppd

The second issue features the mesmerizing 3D silkscreened cover, complete with 3D glasses tool! Features "I Hate/Love E3," Asian video game piracy, interviews with Walter Day of the Twin Galaxies Scoreboard and video game cover band the Minibosses, as well as comics by Martin Cendreda and Dave Kiersh.

1-UP

Stories of Triumph, Defeat, and Staying Invincible!

Call for Submissions

Submit your video game stories, comics, art, and criticism to raina@1up-zine.com. See 1up-zine.com for guidelines and submission deadlines. We are interested in video games as cultural experience, an influential medium that affects the way we live. No cheat codes or game strategy guides, unless it's really fucking cool.

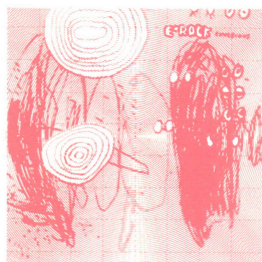
For Issue 4, we are looking for content on pinball, weird video game playing habits, handhelds, and Role Playing Games which will possibly be the issue's theme, because they rule. Waka waka waka!

Advertise in 1-Up!

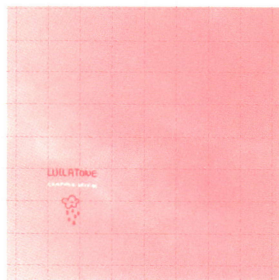
Contact raina@1up-zine.com for rates. 🎮



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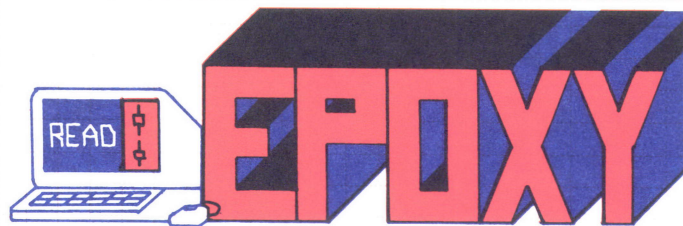


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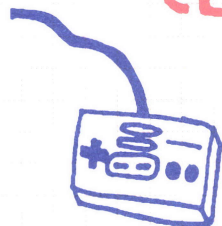
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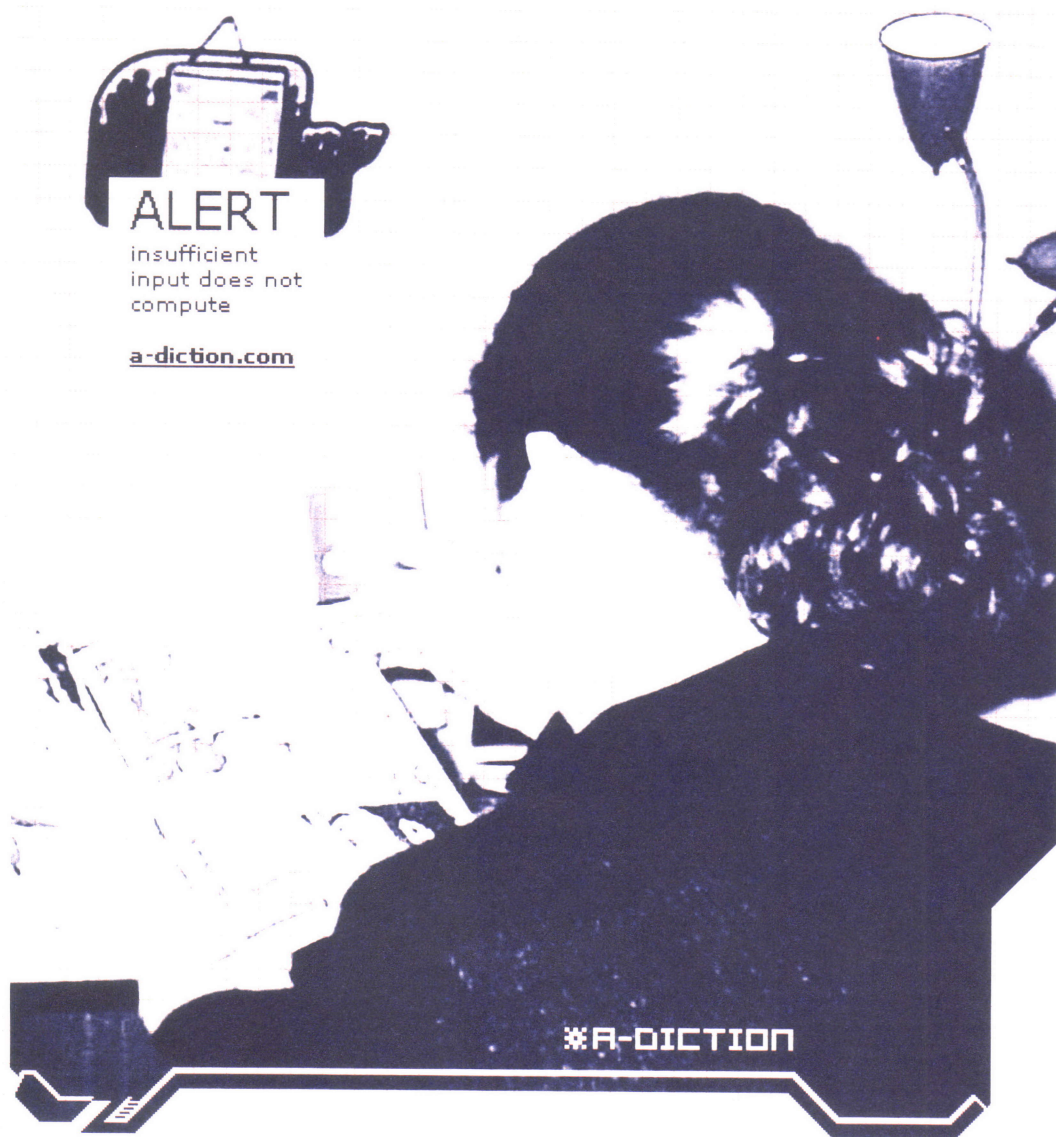




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#A-DICTION

CONTRIBUTOR DATA

Chris Baker has written for *EGM*, *XBN*, *Blender* and *Maxim UK*. He's one monkey away from completing *Ape Escape*.

Mike Benson is a videogame journalist who lives in Los Angeles, making a living as a television hack. Between cult movie nights, *Golden Girls* reruns, and *Halo* parties, he co-founded *RobotStreetGang.com*, a website devoted to the gaming lifestyle.

Martin Cendreda occasionally works on a comic called *Dang!* His doodles can be seen in such publications as *Giant Robot*, *Peko Peko*, *Arthur*, *Dazed & Confused*, and *Sturgeon White Moss*. He likes donuts and chinese food, but not together. Browse him at www.zurikrobot.com

Jordan Crane had a big BM this morning. He is a factory of comics, fine art prints, and illustration, all of which can be found at www.reddingk.com.

Mark Dischler is the publisher, designer, and architect of *A-Diction.com*, and a *Street Fighter* player. Best characters are Blanka, Dhalsim.

Greg Fiering really hates writing these things, and has a mental block that won't let him do it. He wants either John or Raina to make something up for him; it'll be funnier than anything he'd come up with about himself.

Justin Fogle is a good person. People like him. He is going places. He foolishly makes music and color pictures, and likes to dance in front of the mirror. He belong to the NES generation.

Kim Haden plays video games, writes music on her Triton, QY100, and now Gameboy. She is currently in search of a mint condition *Medieval Madness* pinball machine.

Ed Hanson is the Managing Editor of *A-Diction.com*. Multi-system gaming aficionado and math head. Some gaming genres of choice: RPG (including Roguelike), puzzle, platform, classic/retro, and the bizarre/unique.

Sammy Harkham was born in 1980. He is a cartoonist based in Los Angeles. His books can be seen at www.avodahbooks.com.

Dave Kiersh likes comic books, air hockey and rollercoasters. Occasionally he puts out a zine entitled *Dirtbag*.

Julie Kim is a zine writer and rogue architectural assistant with questionable taste in music. Please visit her website ranchocabeza.com for information on how to order her zine, *Let's Make Muffins*.

kozyndan are livers lovers drawers painters eaters gamers and wacky tabaccy smokers. Geeks dorks freaks losers bruisers

schmoozers and expounders of the indoor lifestyle. Are you pleased to meet them?

Raina Lee is a freelance video game journalist, zinester, soon-to-be Media Studies graduate student. She likes sewing, *R-Type* on PC Engine, and *Pet Sounds* by the Beach Boys.

Laura Martin was 8 years old when she made the spectacularly detailed and yet laughably incomplete guide to *Super Mario Brothers*. She got her Nintendo from a rich lawyer who was trying to impress her mom into dating him, and now squanders away the hours lounging on Lovely Series furniture in Brigadoon, her *Animal Crossing* village.

Gus Mastrapa is a freelance journalist and cofounder of the video game culture site *Robotstreetgang.com*. He is currently playing *Animal Crossing*, *A Tale in the Desert* and *Mark of Kri*.

Eben Miller is six feet tall. He enjoys candy and soda, and continues to confound friends and critics alike with his small models made from paper and drawings of ninja turtles.

Saelee Oh's favorite video games are the ones with no strategy because she's not very good; if she can win by just pressing everything a million times, she feels great. One day she's going to find a *Ms. Pac-Man* cocktail table at a garage sale and play it everyday while snacking on pretzels with Souther. All others are invited to come over and play for free anytime.

John Pham is a comic book artist. He self-publishes his own work which includes toys, prints and t-shirts. Go to www.epoxypress.com and you will be rewarded.

Matthew Salata makes SID tunes sound sexy.

Souther Salazar grew up on a gravel driveway beneath a million stars. He loves to jump over parking meters and play *Ms. Pac-Man* with Saelee.

Todd Urick. Central Valley Sloppy eater. Take your shoes off before you walk in. We don't eat out of the cat's bowls, and they don't eat out of ours. Eat a sloppy joe in the shower. LAZERBOAT2003 WEB should be up in summertime. BLIP BLIP.

Megan Whitmarsh makes comics, films, and art and lives in Los Angeles.

Kenny Wright is an ambient composer from California who has grown up playing video games. He has enjoyed the efforts of many systems, from the Atari 2600 to the PS2. Check out his website at aureate.diaryland.com. 🐙



BASIC training (see page 98)

Here's a small taste of programming for those of you who may have forgotten that long ago, we used to make our own games. Special thanks to Ed Hanson, who wrote this program when he was 7, and to Mark Dischler for facilitating the whole thing.

Instructions:

1. Refer to the code on the page after next. It was meant to be run on the TRS-80 Color Computer, so chances are you're going to need an emulator.

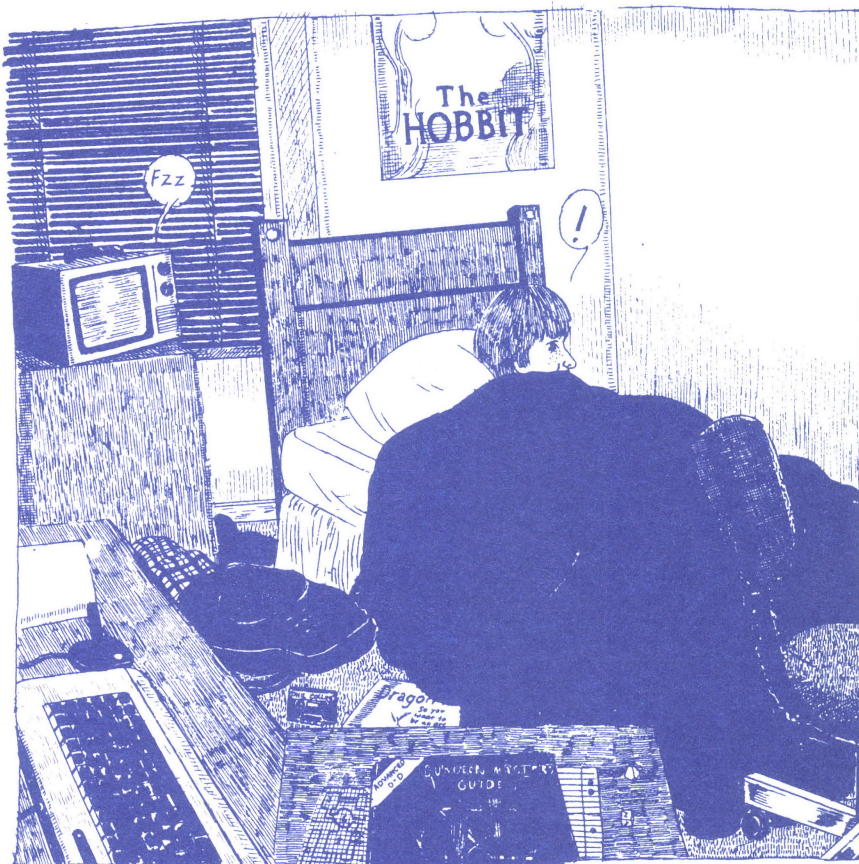
2. Get an emulator.

Mac: Go to <http://emulation.net/coco/>. Download Virtual Coco and the "ROMs to Virtual Coco." Unzip both files, making sure to place the ROM file in the vCoco folder. Launch vCoco. (note: this should work in OS 9 as well as OS X, the latter under "classic mode").

PC: Download the zip archive from <http://discover-net.net/~dmkeil/coco/> (the link is located at the bottom of the page). Unzip all files to a new directory. Run COCO.EXE and type in the BASIC program. (Tip: Use "Shift+F10" to exit the emulator.)

2. Type in the program, making sure to have the "Caps Lock" key on, and to retain all the formatting as it is printed (spaces, commas, etc.).

3. Type RUN, enjoy. 



```
10 PMODE 3,1:PCLS:SCREEN 1,0
20 CIRCLE(128,96),90,8
30 CIRCLE(108,64),10,8
40 PAINT(108,64),7,8
50 CIRCLE(152,64),10,8
60 PAINT(152,64),7,8
70 PAINT(128,96),8,8
80 DRAW"C1;BM116,106;E23;G23;R18"
90 DRAW"C4;BM0,186;R252"
100 CIRCLE(128,120),50,7,.5,0,.5
110 CIRCLE(128,120),50,7,.1,0,.5
120 PAINT(128,130),1,7
130 GOTO 130
```

